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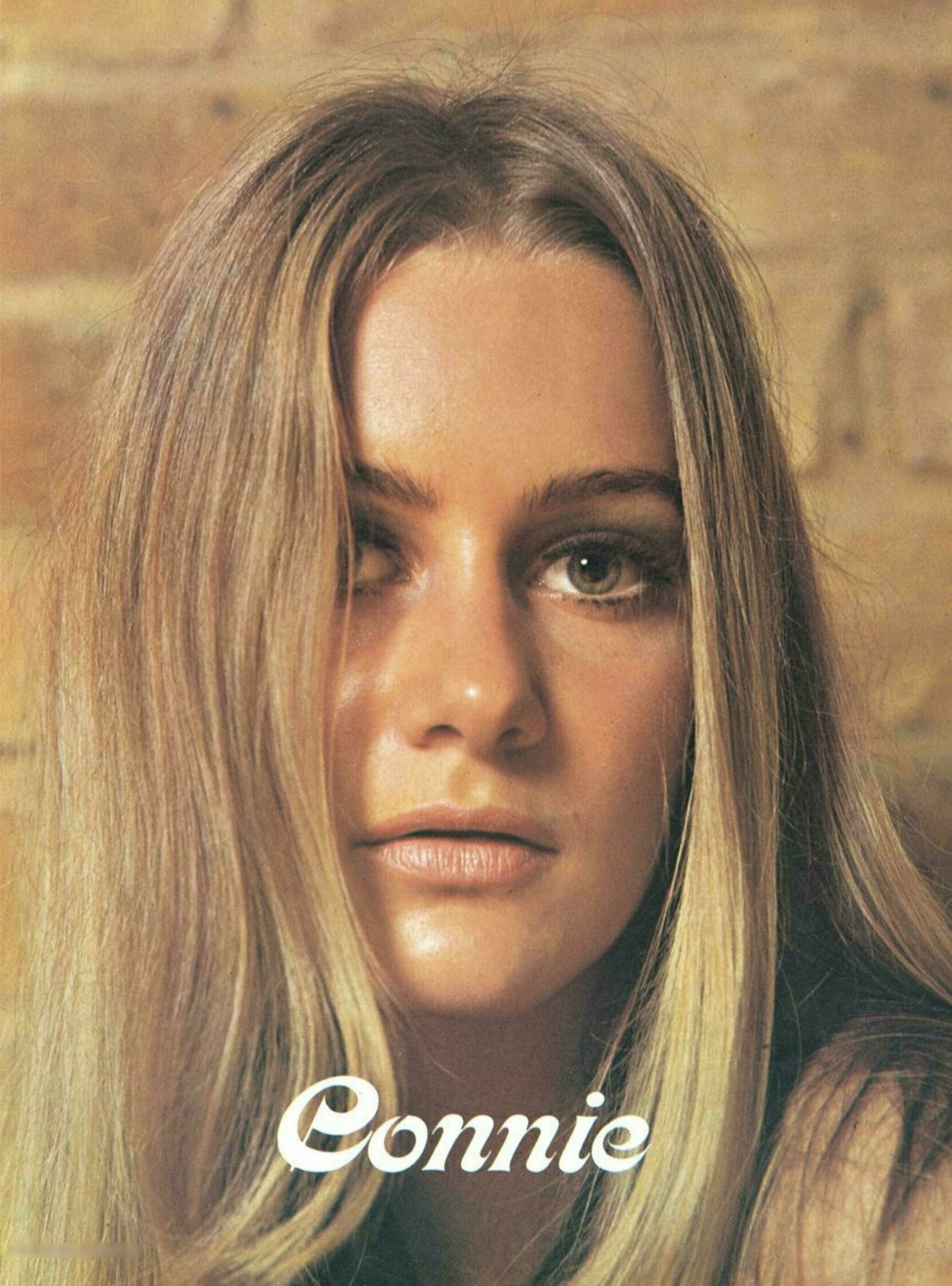
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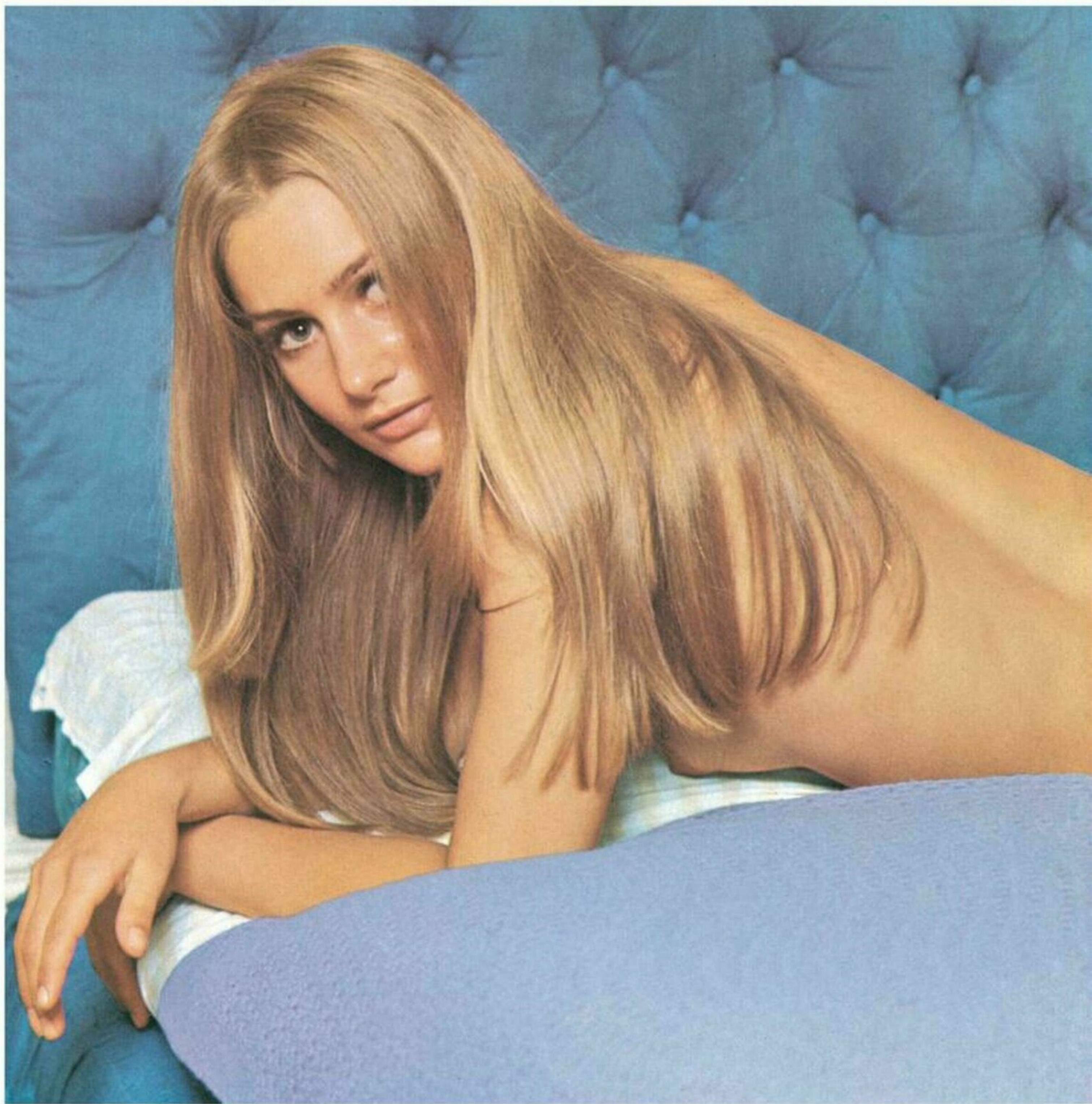
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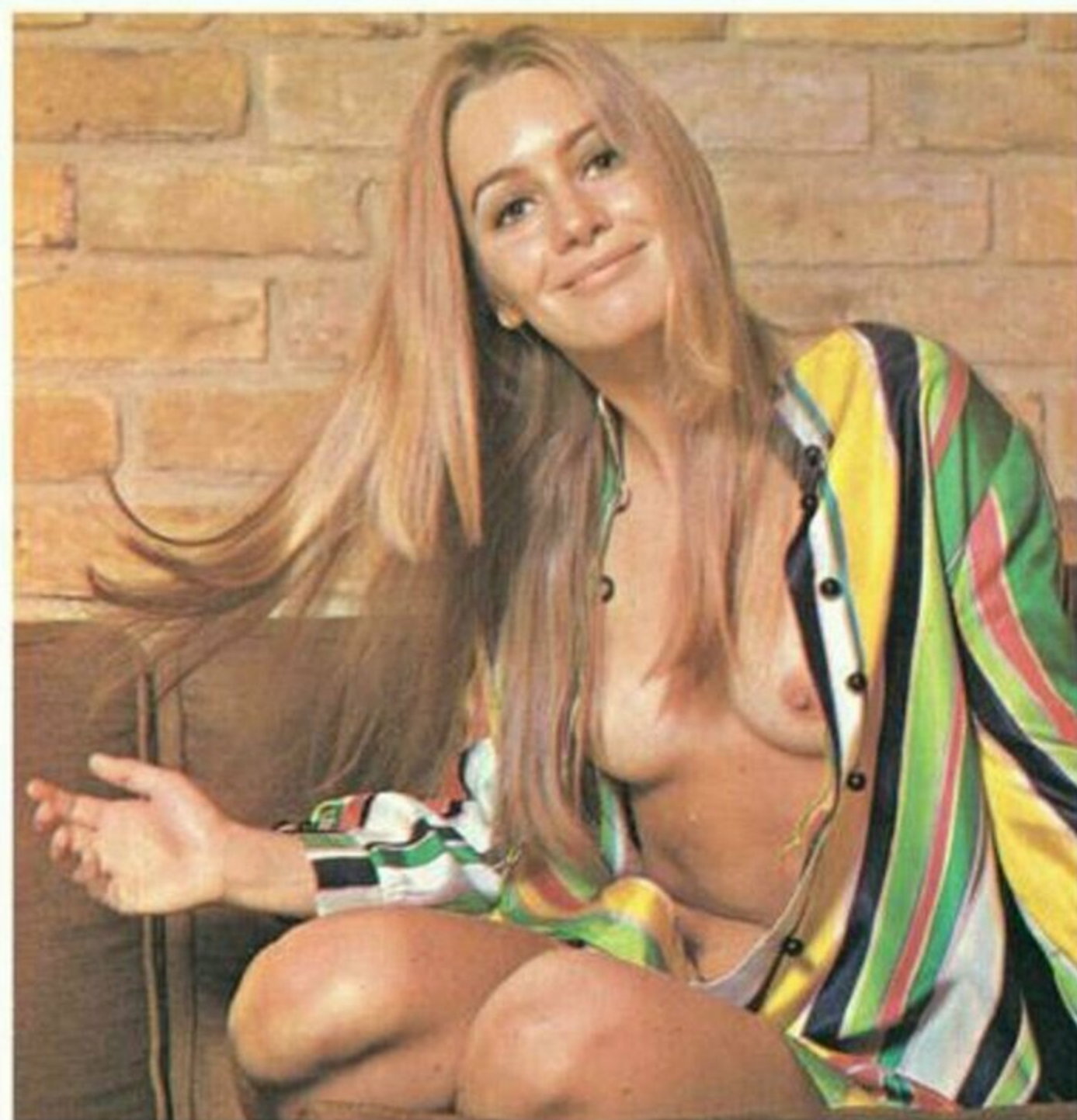
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Connie

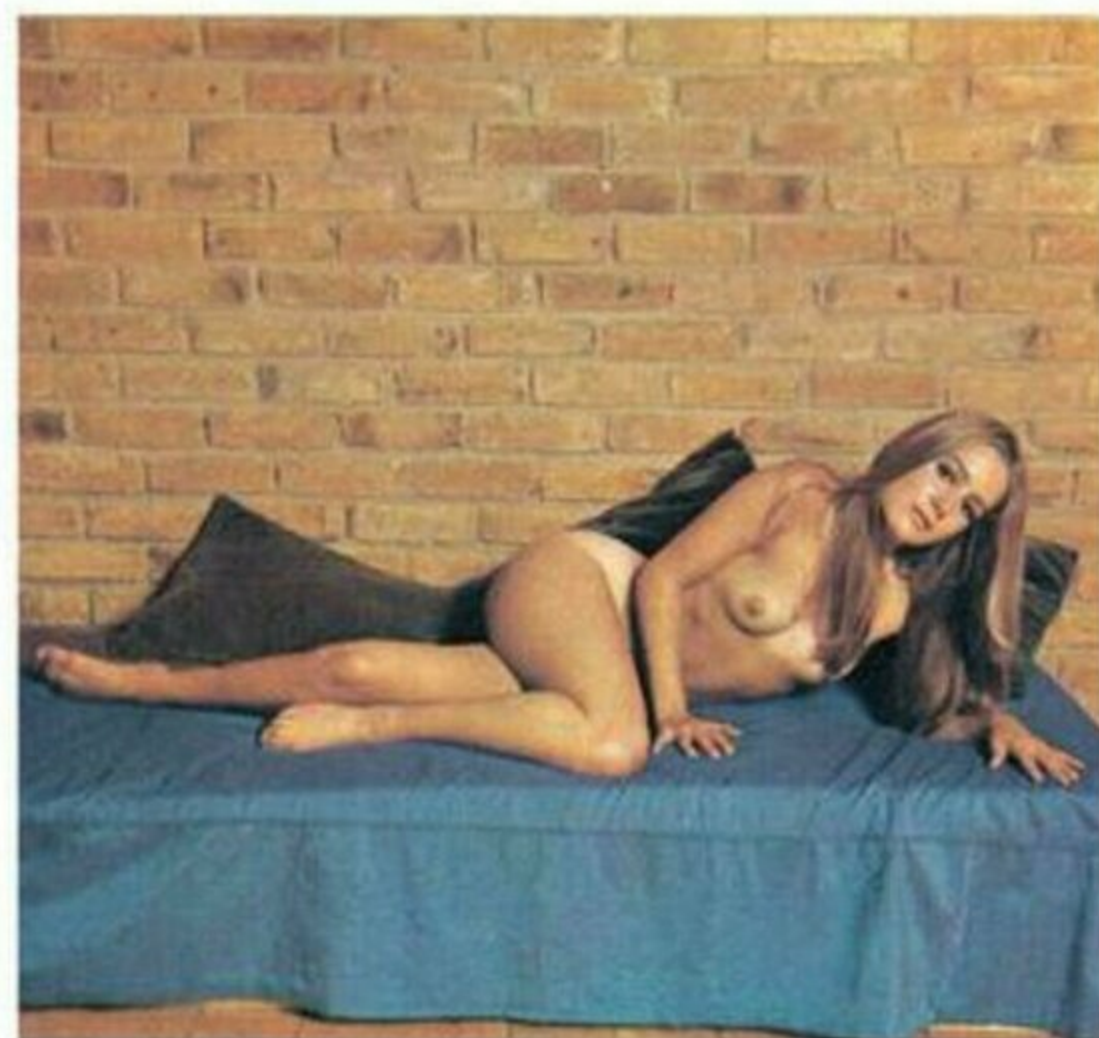
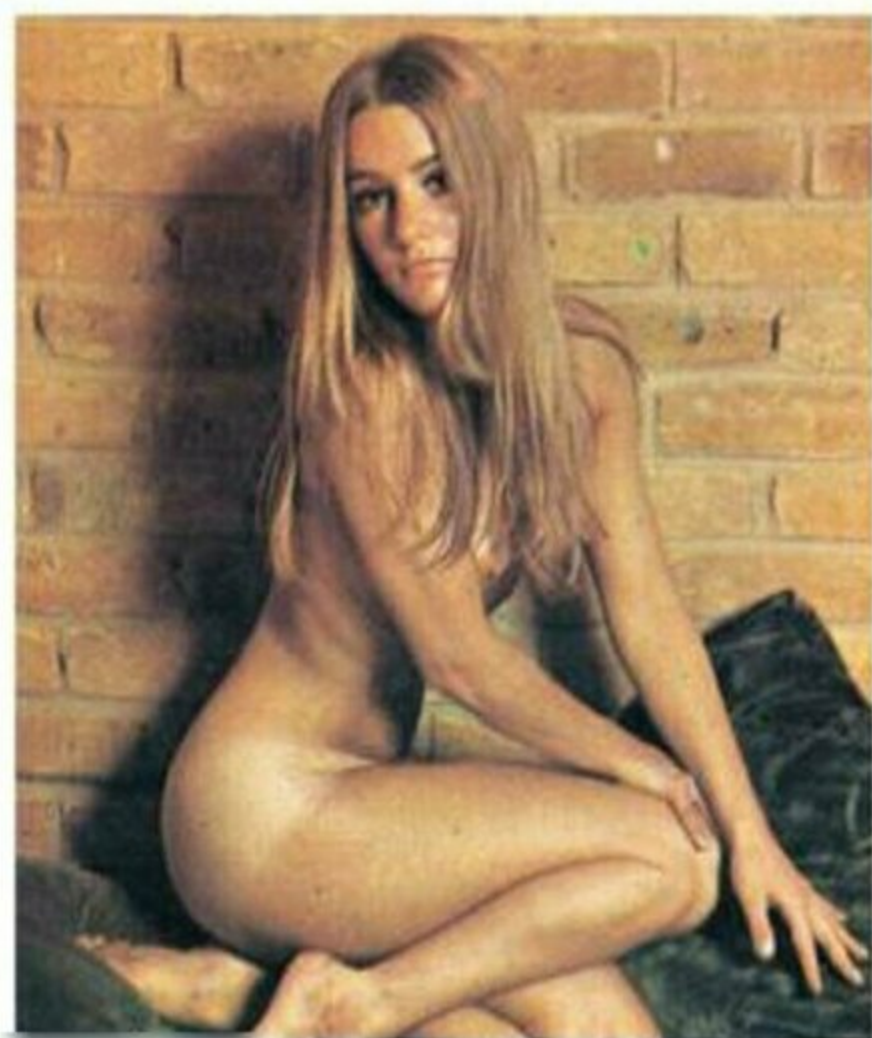


Connie Yates undresses with the swift, sure moves of a girl who's conscious of her soft curves and deep golden tan. 'I'm excited,' she says, and her bare toes squiggle in the carpet. The photographic lights switch on, one by one, until she's gleaming like an exotic animal. At 21, Connie is an ideal candidate for Mayfair. A native of Norfolk, she arrived in London a year ago to pursue her ambition of fashion buying at a small boutique. We spotted her when she was first trying



her hand at modelling, in a tiny bikini against a mocked-up background of St Tropez. 'I wish I'd really been there,' she says wistfully. 'I got my tan from a sunlamp. I spend ten minutes a day lying naked on the floor with bikini bottom on, trying to look as though I've been able to afford a winter holiday.' We tell her not to worry: Connie has other assets, in a 36-24-37 figure and an entrancing personality. She stands naked, eyes blue and slightly bashful. 'This will be very ex-

citing. Is my make-up all right?' She lies on the bed, a little cautious at first, but gradually her natural daring and sense of humour begin to shine through. Her smooth gold body twists on the blankets, breasts stirring as she moves, round halves of her bottom firm and curved. 'Listen, look, take one of me with this hat on.' And she's enjoying herself, and jumping on the bed so you glimpse her, like a fast-running film, in a blur of bare thighs and smooth arms and disarmingly naked

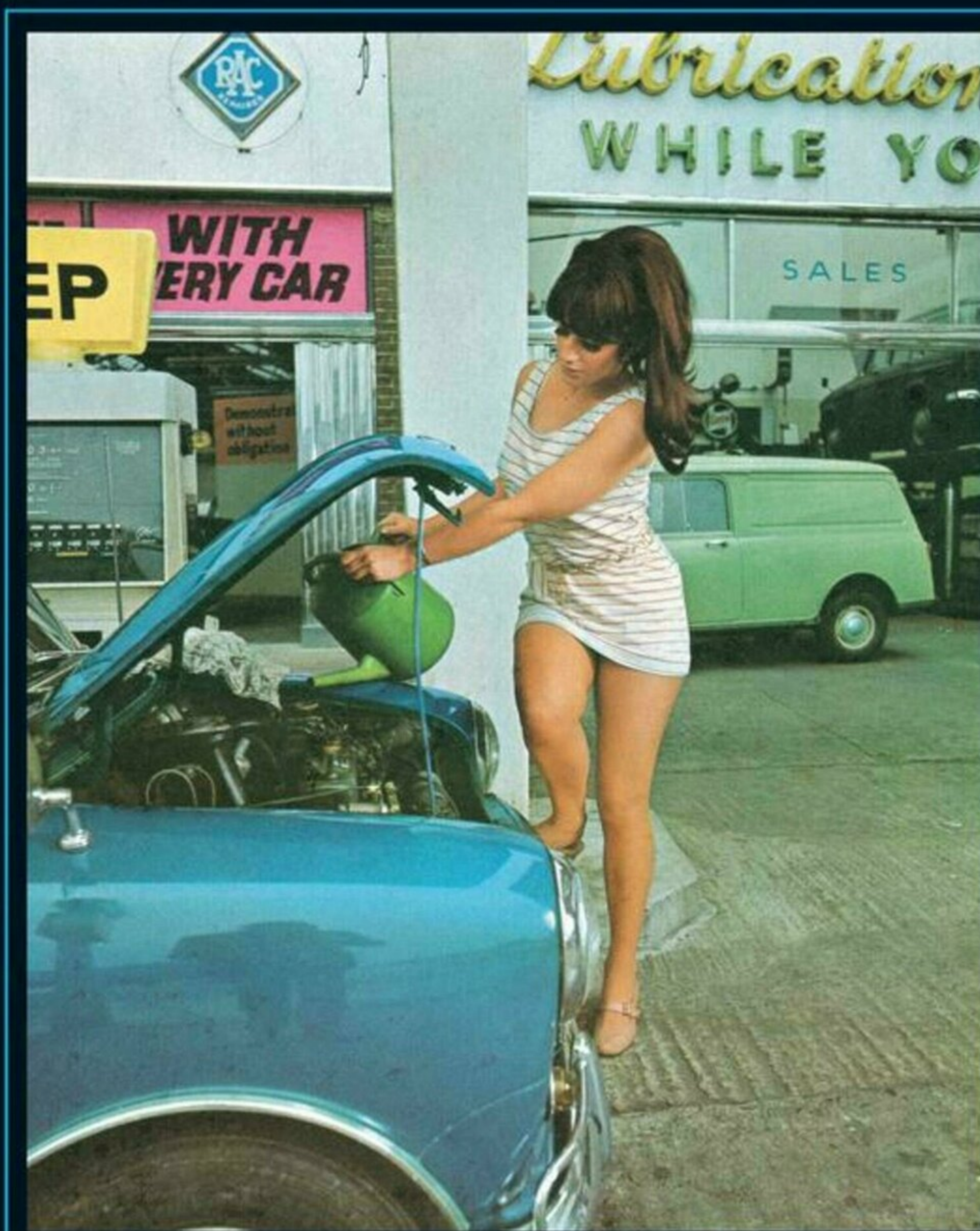


stomach, a nutbrown whirlwind. Then she slows her motion, for there's more in Connie than exuberance. 'I think you could say that I'm quite passionate as well, but don't write that.' And with flower-pink nipples brushing the harsh brick of the wall, she tenses her body lithely, more aware now of her vulnerability, of the trust she has to have. No longer any bed-bouncing nymphet glee. This is Connie the woman, with warm glowing skin and perceptive eyes. 'You know, so much comes out of you when you're being photographed. It's like being interrogated under bright lights—'ve haff vays of making you talk', kind of thing. I really feel as if I've had a hard night.' She relaxes for a moment, then says: 'Can I make some coffee?' Which is how one last shot of Connie is trapped on film, as she's against the wall, half-smiling, caught in her most revealing mood. Connie as the rare, generous girl with a sweet-and-sour blend of impish innocence and very womanly maturity.

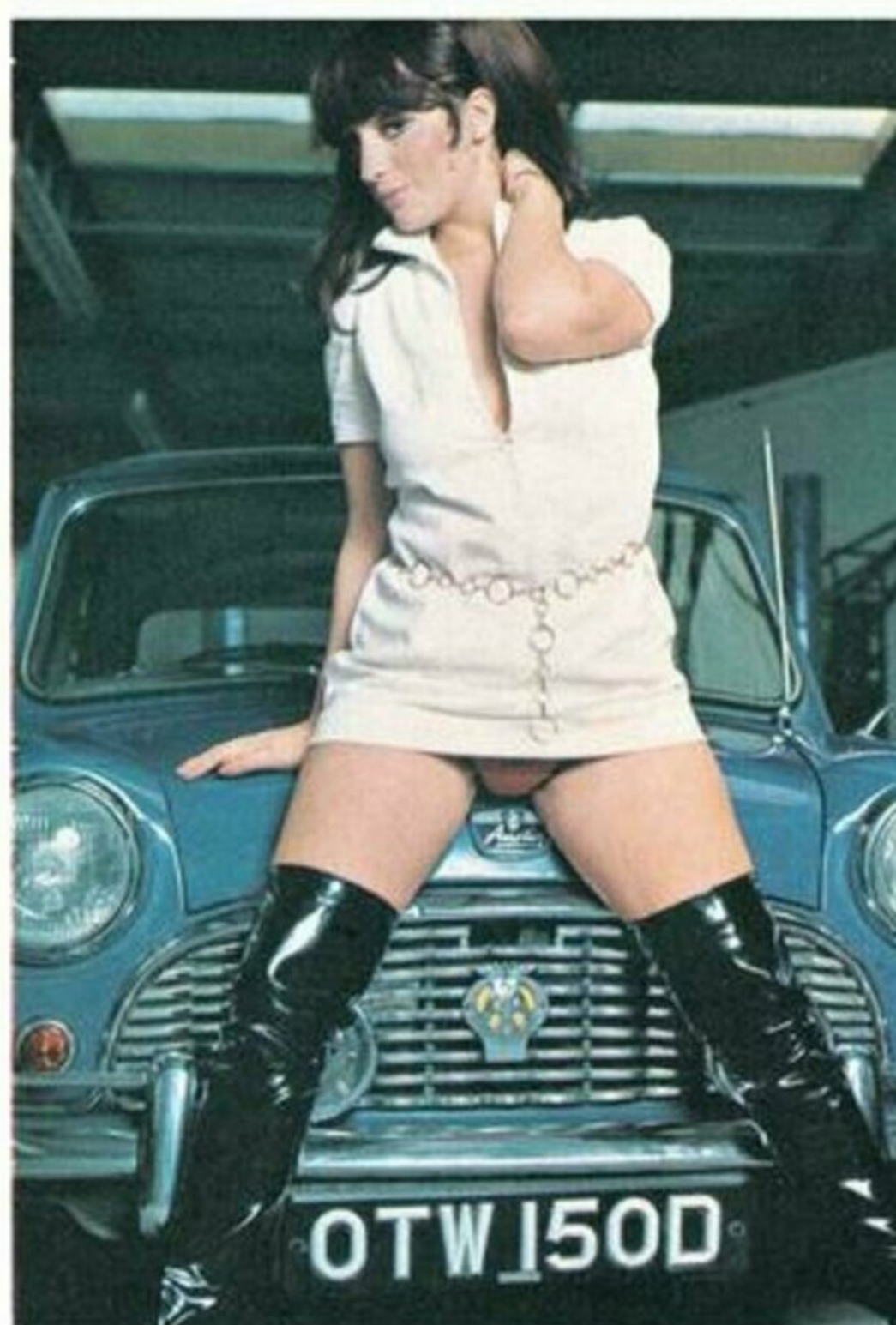


A RIDE IN MAGGIE'S MINI

Call her 'Little
Miss Wheels-of-Fire'.
With gear shift
in hand, she makes
London's traffic
problem a high-speed
delight



PHOTOGRAPHED BY COLIN RAMSAY AT MOTOR EXCHANGE (LEYTONSTONE) LTD



A super sexy set of rumours have been going the rounds recently, all concerning girls and motor cars. It may have started with the petrol-pump girl who wore the see-through blouse, and sent the petrol gauges flickering. It certainly found expression in that newspaper report of the two girls

who stepped out of their car at a garage wearing nothing but bras. We were also told of the accountant who walking past a Mini at traffic lights looked down at the girl to enjoy the usual view of nubile knees and skirt riding high only to see that her quite severe two-piece was a top half only.

Then there was the girl in the short mini-dress doing nothing more inflammatory than loading a suitcase into the boot of her car. Except that by bending over she showed brightly and beautifully that she wasn't undersealed that sexy morning. A lot of these rumours



came out of Essex, and it was there that we tracked down Margaret Blakemore. 'Honestly,' she said 'It wasn't me that got out of the car wearing only a bra. I read about it, too. Mind you I'm not very fond of clothes and sometimes don't wear as many as most girls. So what with putting in petrol and

loading the boot, and the way your skirt climbs your thighs when driving, perhaps there's more of me showing than I thought.' We met 23-year-old Margaret at her favourite filling station, Motor Exchange of Leytonstone. 'I always get my petrol here,' she told us. 'It's so friendly.'

Not surprising, we mused, as we watched her filling her own petrol tank. Margaret is Mini mad. 'I love my little car. I've had three Minis in all. They're so quick and controllable. My Mini almost feels part of me.' Margaret works in the laboratory of a large electronics firm in Essex. ('Don't



say which or where or I'll never be able to walk past the production line again.')

Once work is over Margaret packs her 38-28-37 figure into her Mini and buzzes off. She is not a member of a motor club, but she goes in for lots of rallies. 'Mind you, rallies are restricted now

so I don't go on so many.' She gives a sudden laugh. 'Now there's a sexy motoring story for you. We were approaching a checkpoint in some country lane and it was pitch dark. We saw this car parked under a tree and thought that must be it. My navigator went across and pulled open the door and shone

his torch. A naked girl screamed and fell out. It was a courting couple and not a marshal at all!' 'I love driving in traffic, strange to say. It's all quite friendly now and everyone sort of looks across and grins. Mind you, the big lorries can be embarrassing. They're so high up they get a pretty good view.



I feel so small and overpowered. I suppose that's why, when the lights turn, I grab the gear stick and shoot away.' We asked Maggie for her views about the current crop of sexy stories of girls and motor cars. 'I think I can understand it,' she said. 'Lots of girls have their own

cars these days. And when you are sitting in them alone you feel isolated from the rest of the world and somehow secure. Under those circumstances I can imagine a girl who perhaps was caught in a rain shower and soaked, taking off her skirt and pants. As long as you're dressed where the

window starts, you feel it's all right. You forget you're so low down men can look down at you.' You sound, we said, as though you're talking from experience. Maggie blushed, surprisingly demurely. 'Now that would be telling,' she grinned. Don't worry, we said. Every girl gets wet sometimes.





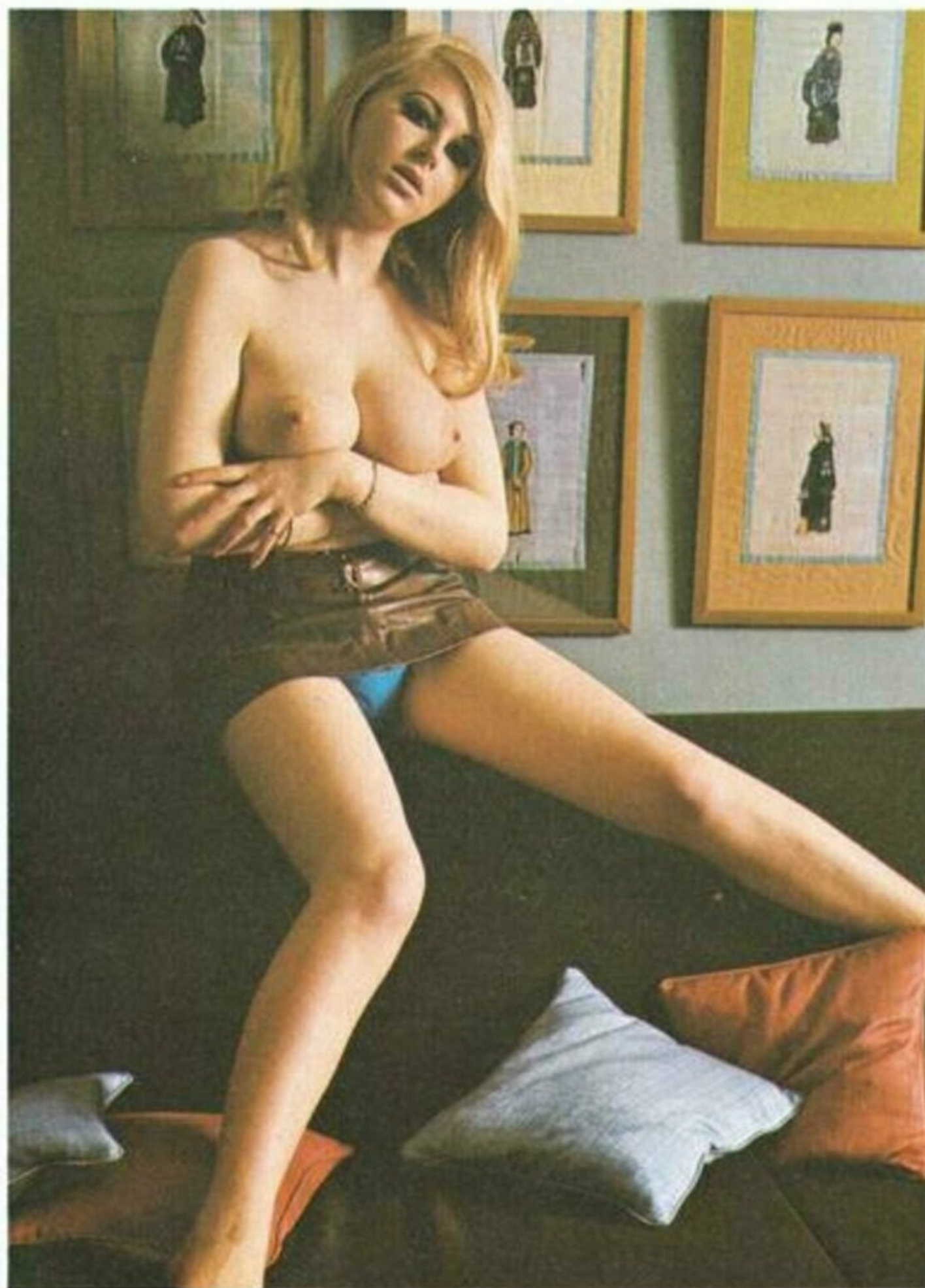
THIS MONTH'S MISS MAYFAIR/MARGARET BLAKEMORE

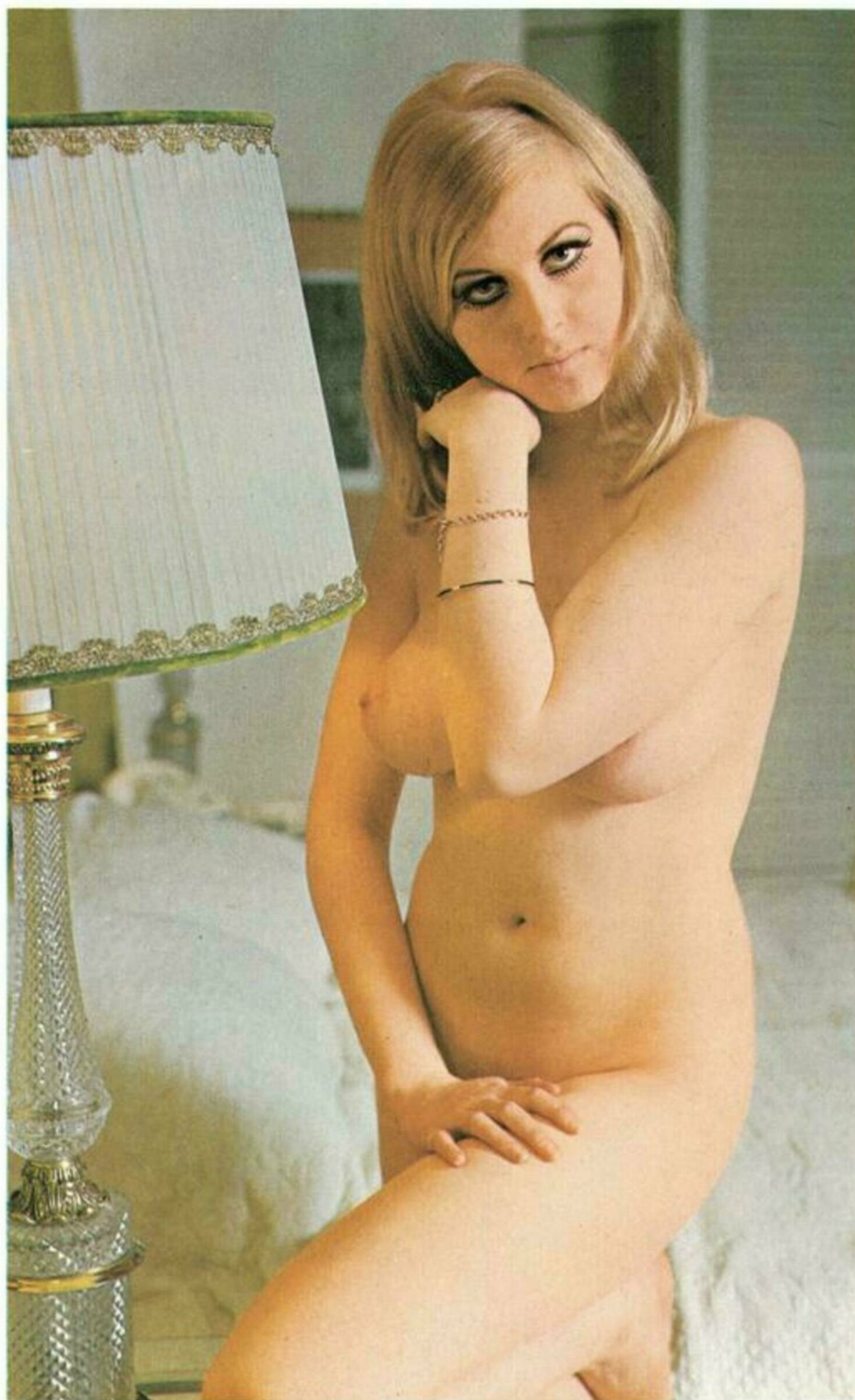
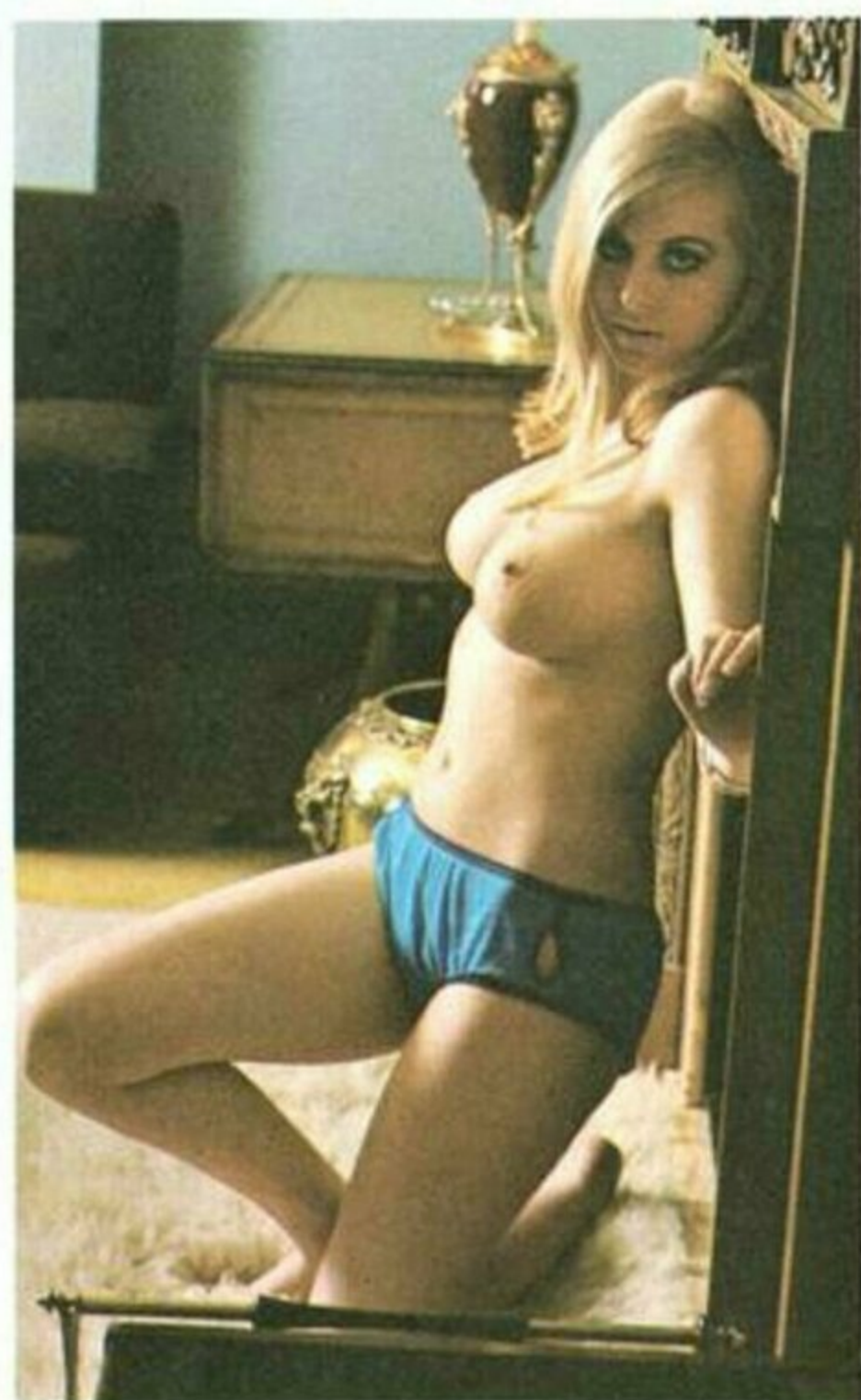


JOSEPHINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY COLIN RAMSAY

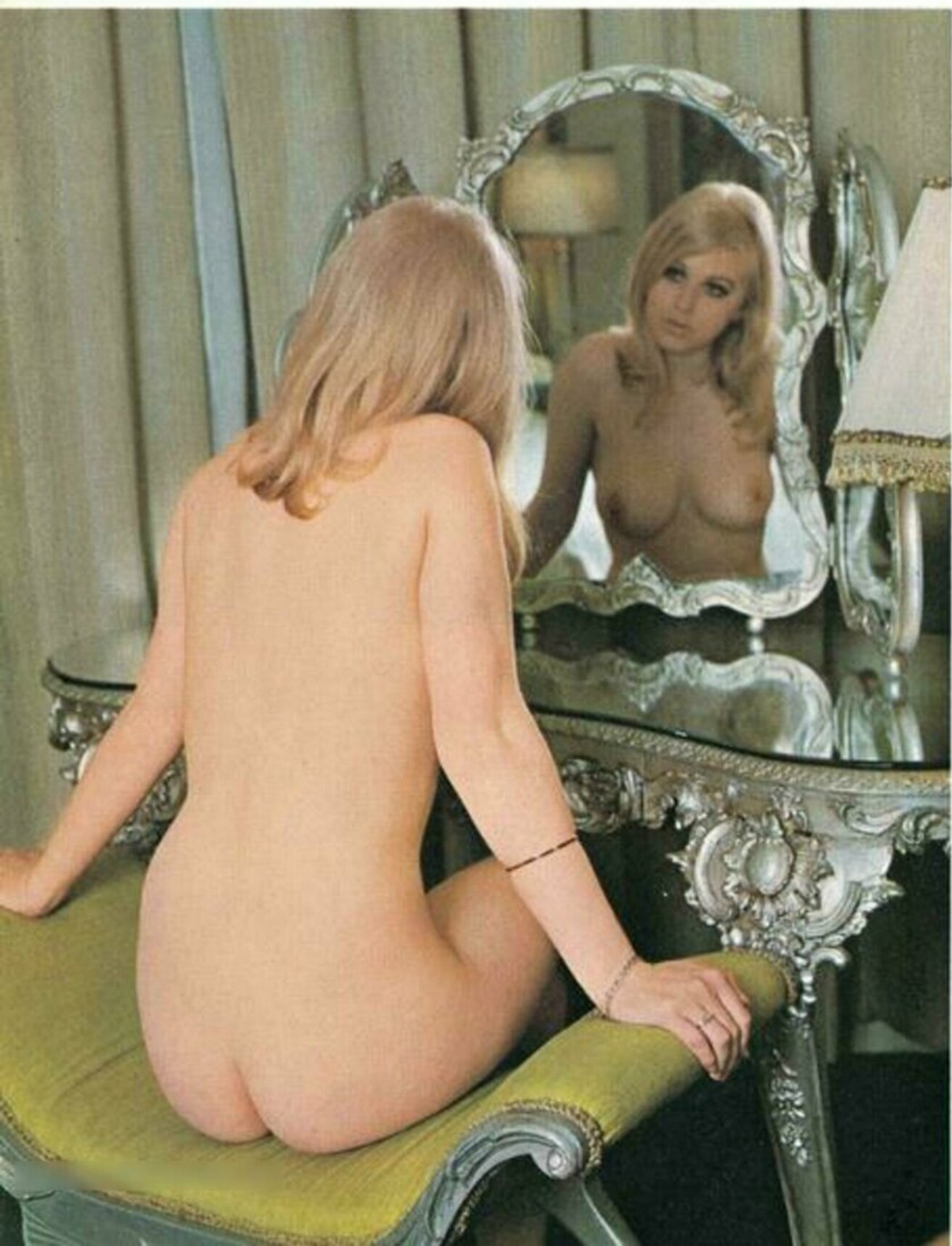
Josephine, in virginal white, has a brilliant blondeness that you remember long after she's left. Think of Josephine and you think of floating golden hair, of a voice that's as smooth as champagne in a silver tankard. She's just 21, and she was born and raised near Weston-super-Mare, in Somerset. 'It was a poor place for someone like me,' she tells you. 'I'd always wanted to live in a city that was dramatic and stimulating. I suppose it's all right for a typical English seaside holiday, but it's not very sensual.' She smiles, just





a little. Josephine came to London to work in a discotheque on the turntables, and it was there that we came across her. 'It was marvellous, being discovered like that,' she says. 'I was beginning to think that London might be as dull as Weston.' For all her eagerness for drama, Josephine is a quiet girl. 'I always feel I need looking after,' she explains. 'I suppose it's because I'm not really capable of lying to anybody. I've only tried lying once or twice, and I just ended up blushing like mad. It's always hard finding anyone to look after you, though.' She sits in her new leather skirt astride her sofa, and begins to smile a little more. 'The trouble is, I want it both ways. I want someone who's just a bit glamorous, and yet isn't going to hurt me. I love men who are cuddly, and at the same time are strong enough to tell me what to do. They

have to be kind and domineering at the same time. Does that sound stupid?' Paradoxical it does sound. Stupid, no. Josephine is far from being a dumb blonde. When she has finished work, she returns home to a snug bedsitter she shares with a secretary, and dons spectacles for a serious reading session. Her literary favourites are Dostoevsky, Galsworthy and Henry Miller. 'I think they all have one thing in common, and that's their epic feel. I love getting involved in a big juicy story that's got plenty of romance and excitement.' Josephine has no plans to take her bookish interest further. 'I never wanted to go to university. I wanted to go out and get a job and experience everyday work at once.' Everyday work she didn't quite get, but then her fair-skinned 38-25-38 is more than everyday. After discotheque work, Josephine is hoping for a small part in a television or film drama.





'I don't expect to get a part in anything like *The Brothers Karamazov* or *The Forsyte Saga*, not at once, anyway. But I wouldn't mind one of these new humorous films like *Candy* or *Barbarella*. I'm afraid my figure is a bit better than my acting.' Evening work means that Josephine has most of her days free, and you can often see her quietly walking, huddled in a long-haired fur coat, round one of London's parks. 'I used to do a lot of window shopping in Oxford Street,' she says, 'but I could never afford any of the things I saw, so I thought it would be healthier for my pocket – and for myself – if I started exploring the parks. I've found some quite fabulous nooks and crannies. I like Kensington Gardens best. They've got much more atmosphere than Regent's Park or Hyde Park. You'd be surprised how many people you meet, just walking around. Although I haven't met

my strong and cuddly man yet.' Josephine is saving up for a holiday abroad next year, as an extra excitement to her first year in the metropolis. 'I'm trying to make up my mind between Ibiza and Greece. I can't take really strong sun for very long, but I'd rather go red in the Mediterranean than catch cold in Weston-super-Mare.' She gives another of her rare smiles. Josephine, despite her acting ambitions, is still not sure of her future. She loves the thought of marriage, yet confesses to being 'slightly afraid' of the prospect of being tied down. 'I can never imagine myself as a wife. It just doesn't suit me somehow. And yet, what's a real relationship without commitment?' In her shining blonde way, Josephine is a strong individualist. Whether she makes it into films or not, you get the feeling that she'll stick to her ideal of a perfect way of life: the dramatic way, the blonde way.



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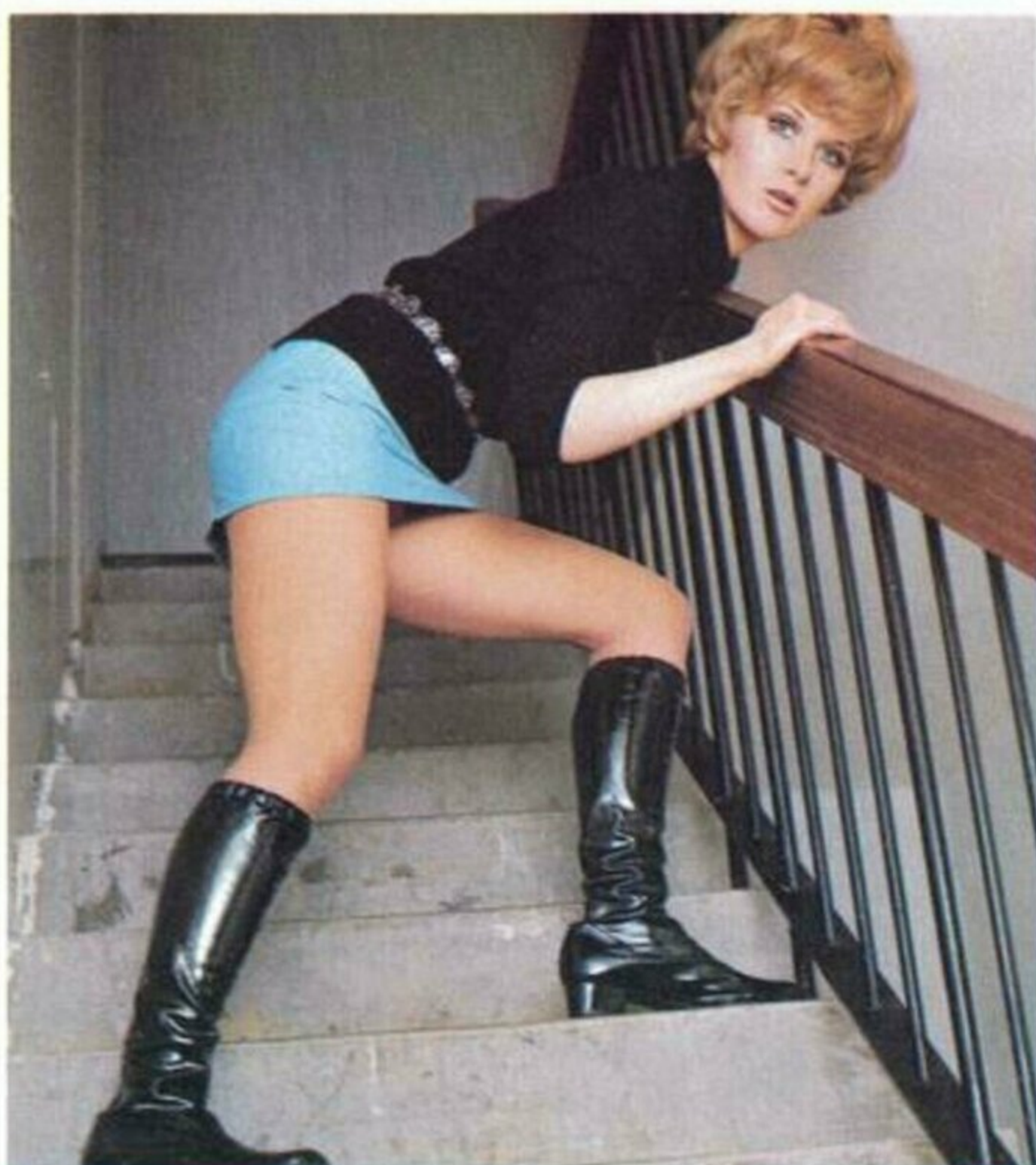
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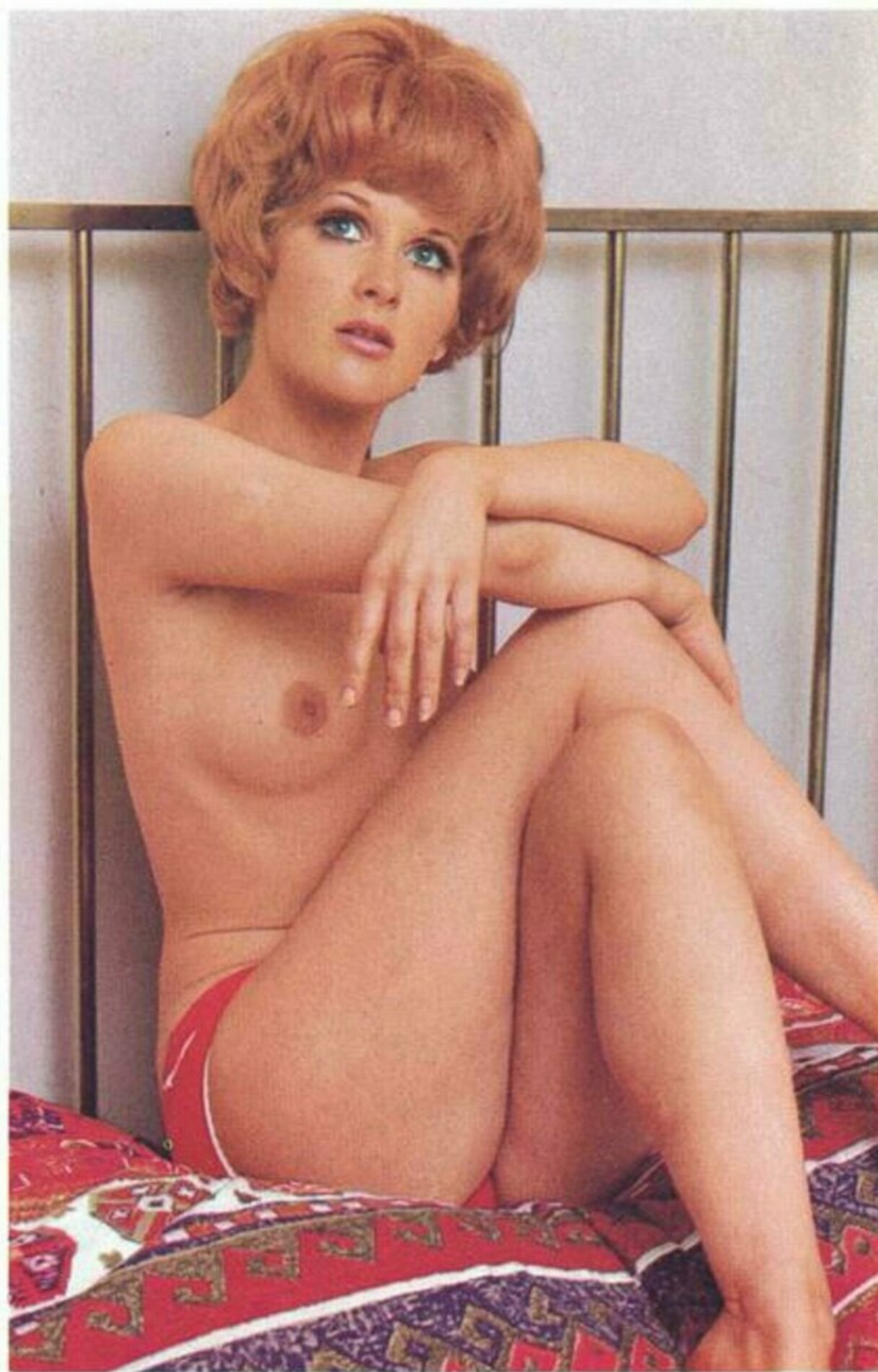
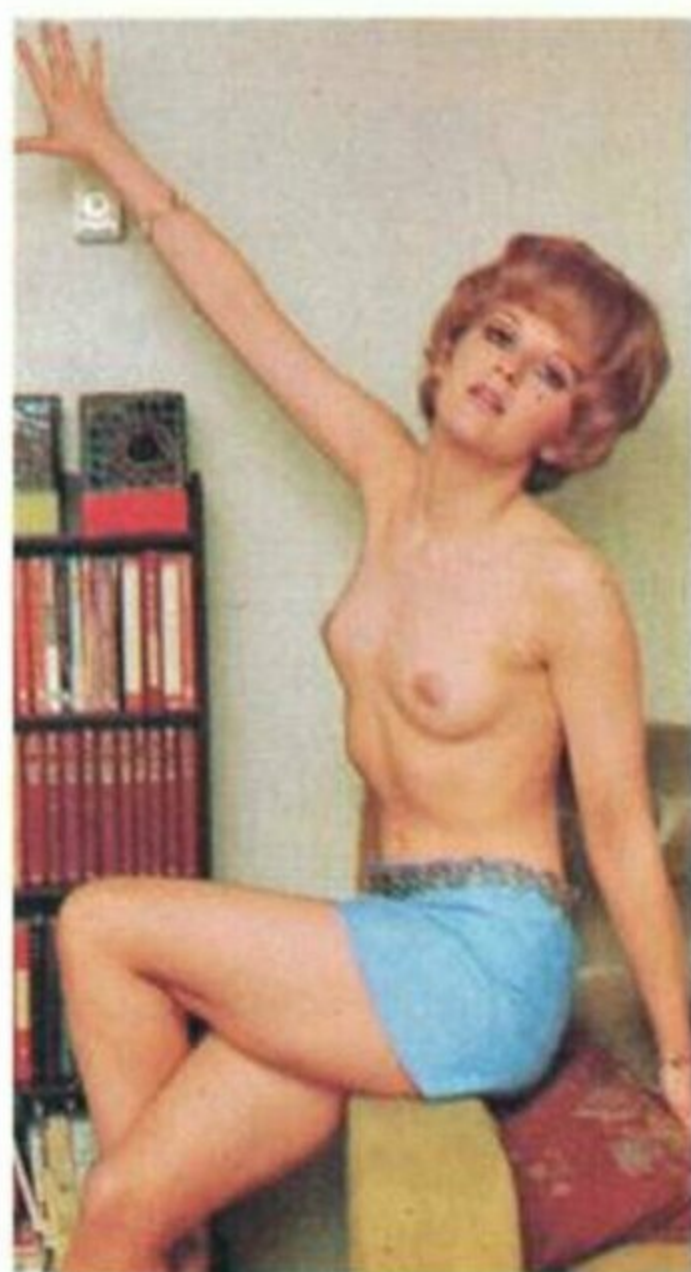
An ardent believer in female equality, Jean is more equal than most

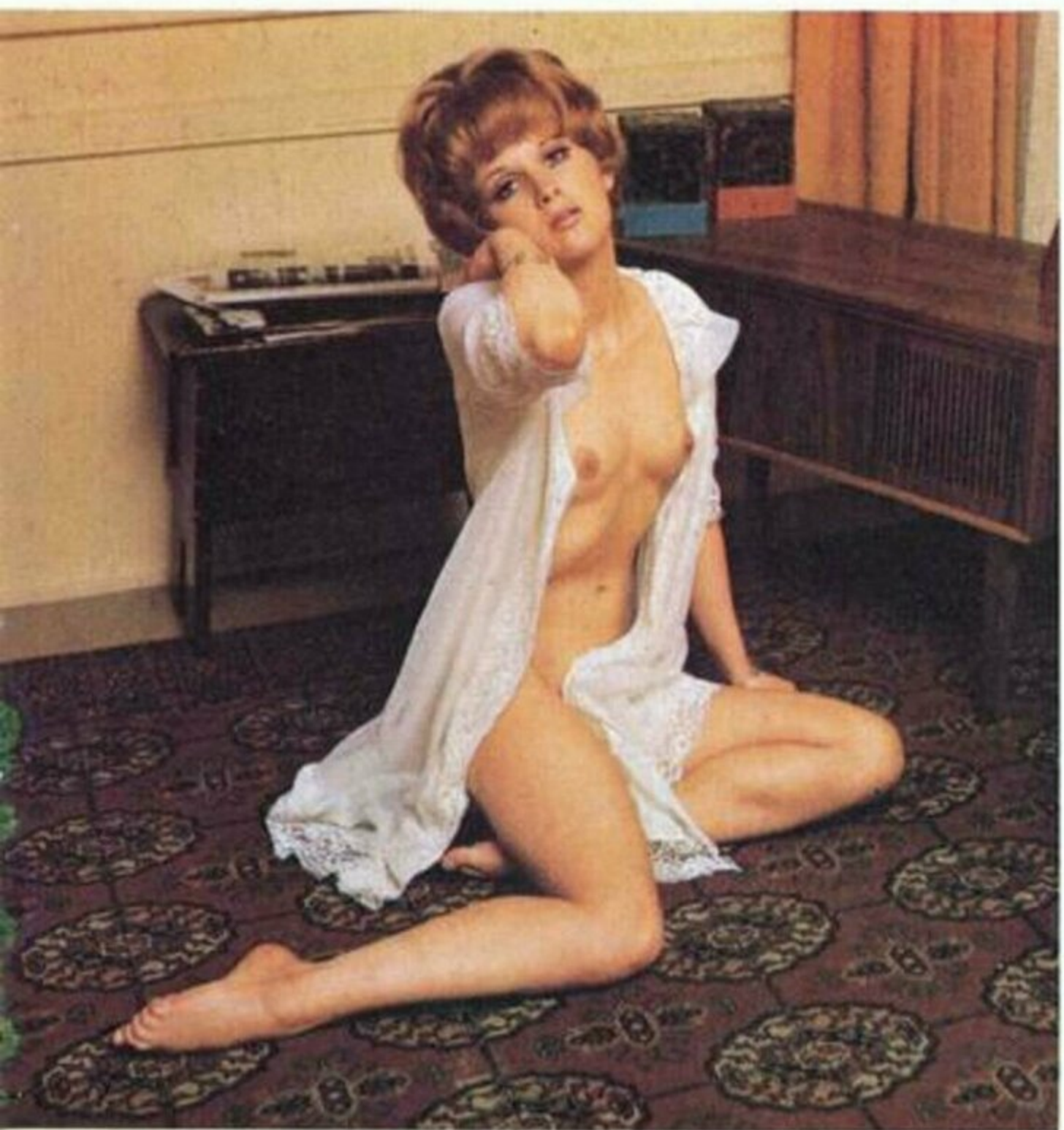
JEAN





Jean Wade is an ardent feminist. 'I believe in Simone de Beauvoir's ideas of female equality,' she says, in an unexpectedly husky voice. 'What I don't agree with, though, is female superiority.' For a very superior female, that's a modest statement. Jean, a native of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, has a sleek 35-24-36 line, and one of the most enchanting arrogant looks we've ever come across. 'I suppose you want me to puff my chest out and look all sexy,' she challenged us. We smiled and shook our heads. She looks like that without even trying, and she knew it. Jean, a 22-year-old assistant fashion buyer at a large store, has a blend of slow grin and careless sexiness that makes her naturally sensual. 'I don't know why I'm doing this,' she said as we photographed her. 'I think it's unfair that men can admire women with no clothes on, and women can't see men with no clothes on. If you printed great hairy men, I'd buy your magazine like a shot'. Jean laughed throatily, then sat on her bed and looked wistful. 'I'm not all hard and cynical, really,' she said. 'I'm very soft inside. Can you make me look gentle?' No camerawork, no soft lighting was needed for that. Jean has inherent warmth and sympathy. Jean is very gentle, and more equal than most.



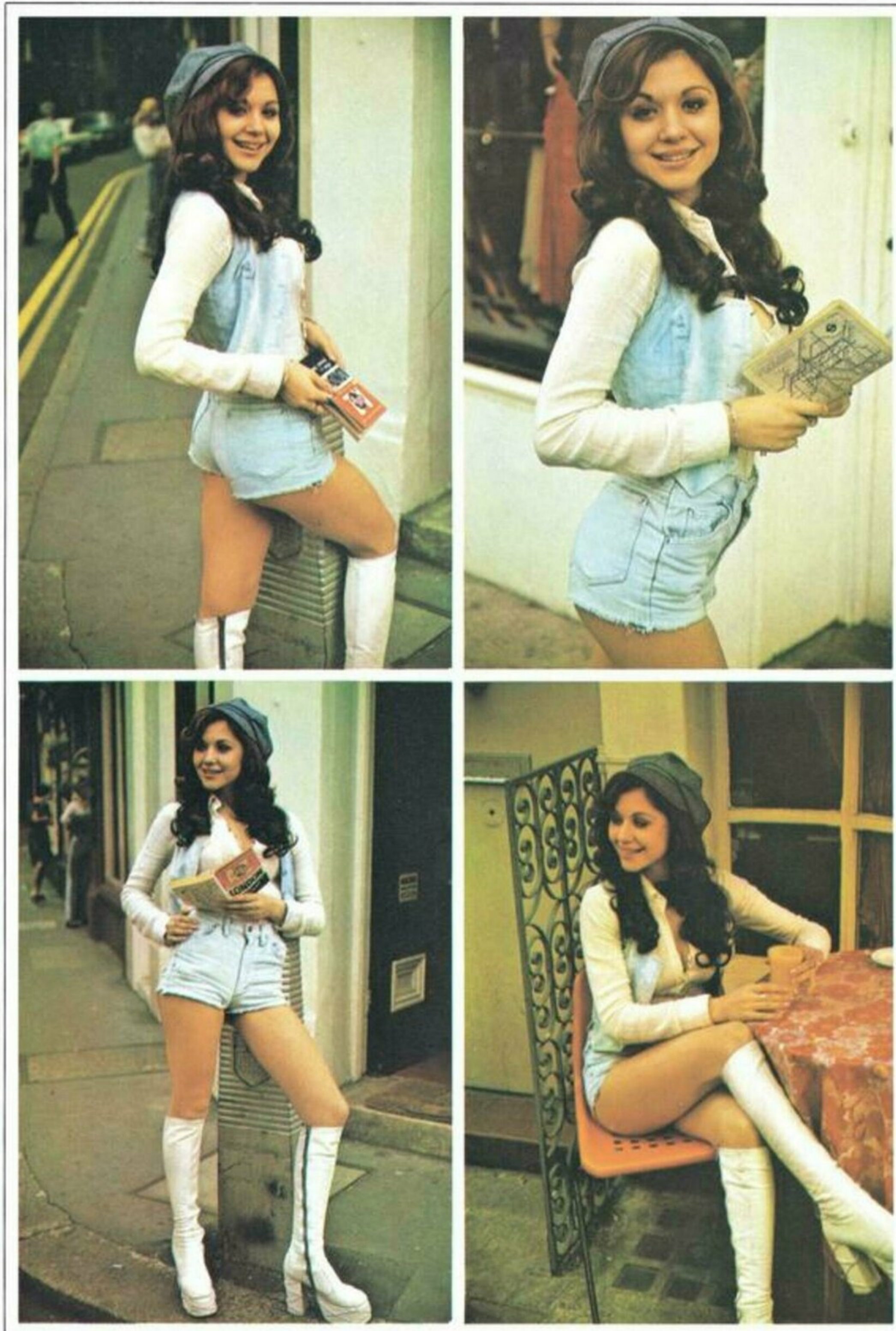




AVA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LENNART OSBECK

Ava Cadell shares the bedroom of her Baker Street flat in London with Monty, Nancy, Lucy and Cedric. All, it should be hastily explained, are cuddly animals, with the exception of Lucy who is a doll. There's also a toy chimpanzee called Looby-Loo who has the singular honour of sharing 20-year-old Ava's bed, and a real yellow-fronted Amazon parrot by name of Popeye who can deliver the lewdest wolf-whistle this side of Montmartre. In the midst of all the confusion is Ava herself, and a happier, nicer, chirpier





girl is totally unimaginable. She was born on June 15, 1955 in Budapest, the capital of Hungary and was spirited out of her homeland during the 1956 uprising, living until the age of nine in Austria. Then it was a trip across Europe to London, where Ava has lived ever since. She's currently one of the busiest girls on the film, television and modelling front with a string of appearances to her credit, including a small part in the prestigious production of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. 'I've only got one complaint,' sighs Ava, 'and that is because producers think I look young and sexy, I usually get cast as a randy schoolgirl or something like that. I've just finished a few episodes of the series *General Hospital* where I played a nurse, and it was a real joy to play a part that wasn't sex-orientated.' Ava glances down at her 5 feet 5 inch, 34C-21-33 figure. 'You see I tend to get these sexy parts because I have a very narrow back and sort of spread out in front. I think sometimes that I'm a bit of an odd shape all round, but nobody seems to mind that much. I remember once I was doing an episode of the





Two Ronnies with Ronnie Barker and Ronnie Corbett in which the script called for a girl with absolutely huge boobs. I got the part and they put me into a dress and rammed cotton-wool around my boobs until I was absolutely vast. All the technicians were going around rubbing their eyes in disbelief because it looked so natural. It was really very funny.' During breaks in filming, Ava can be found slaving over a hot stove concocting



delicacies from her native Hungary. 'My Granny, who's over here too, taught me how to cook. She also taught me my fluent Hungarian. We have great Hungarian goulashes together. It's a bit sad that I can't enjoy my own cooking to the full. I'm allergic to dairy produce, you see. Isn't that the craziest thing you ever heard? I can't even have ice-cream when I've been a good girl!' She brightens. 'Still, I keep my figure and that's a big enough reward for me!'





VIVIEN

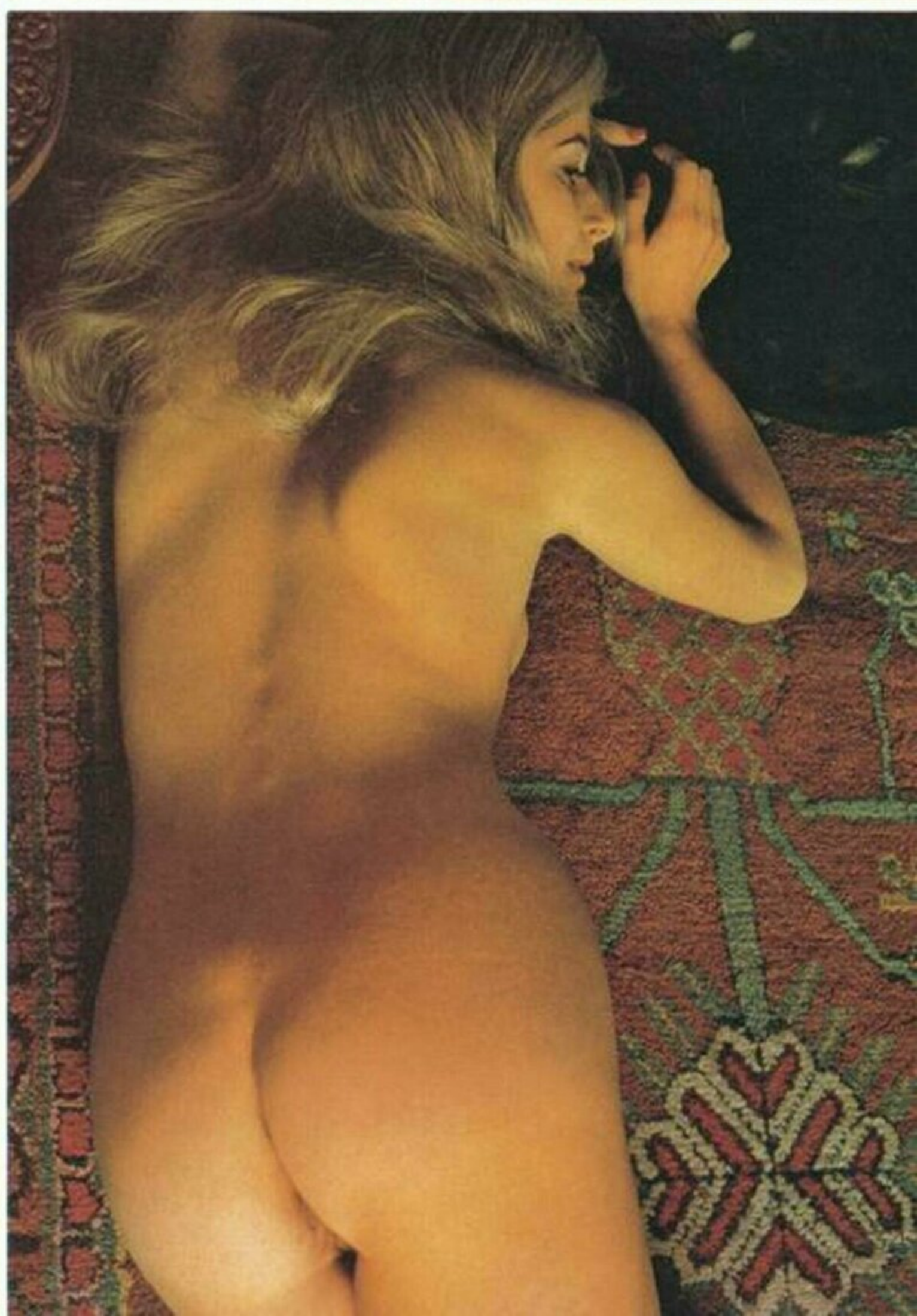
Bristol-born Vivien Page has an air of innocent coquettishness, a tomboyish quality that acknowledges men are turned on by her ash blonde sexuality, but which refuses to take itself totally seriously. 'Of course I like sex,' she admits readily, 'and I feel frustrated when I'm not having any, but it's not the be-all and end-all of my life. There are lots of things just as important.' Such as? we asked this 36-23-35 20-year-old. 'My job,' she replied quickly. An assistant in a Bristol estate agency, she divides her time between secretarial work and showing prospective buyers over properties. 'I think it's very rewarding to help people find a new home. We cover the whole range, from flats to a couple of big West Country mansions, to sea-side cottages. You can't possibly get bored.' And don't male clients get a little more generous when confronted by such a stunning blonde? Vivien tosses a platinum swathe aside lightly, and nods.





'Sometimes,' she says, 'a client will try on something when you're alone with him at a property. One man I was showing round a furnished flat to let insisted we test out the bed together. I'd only just started the job and I was scared stiff of doing it wrong, so like a fool I lay down on the bed with him. He practically raped me. I won't let that happen again.' She snorts at the memory. 'It's not as though I made any effort to show I fancied him. If I like someone I usually make sure they know all about it.' And what sort of man would that be? 'Someone kind and sympathetic but who knows what they're doing. Handsome – sure, but it's not too important. I don't want some ego-mad sexual athlete. They bore me.' Vivien, we're sure you'll make a fine buy.



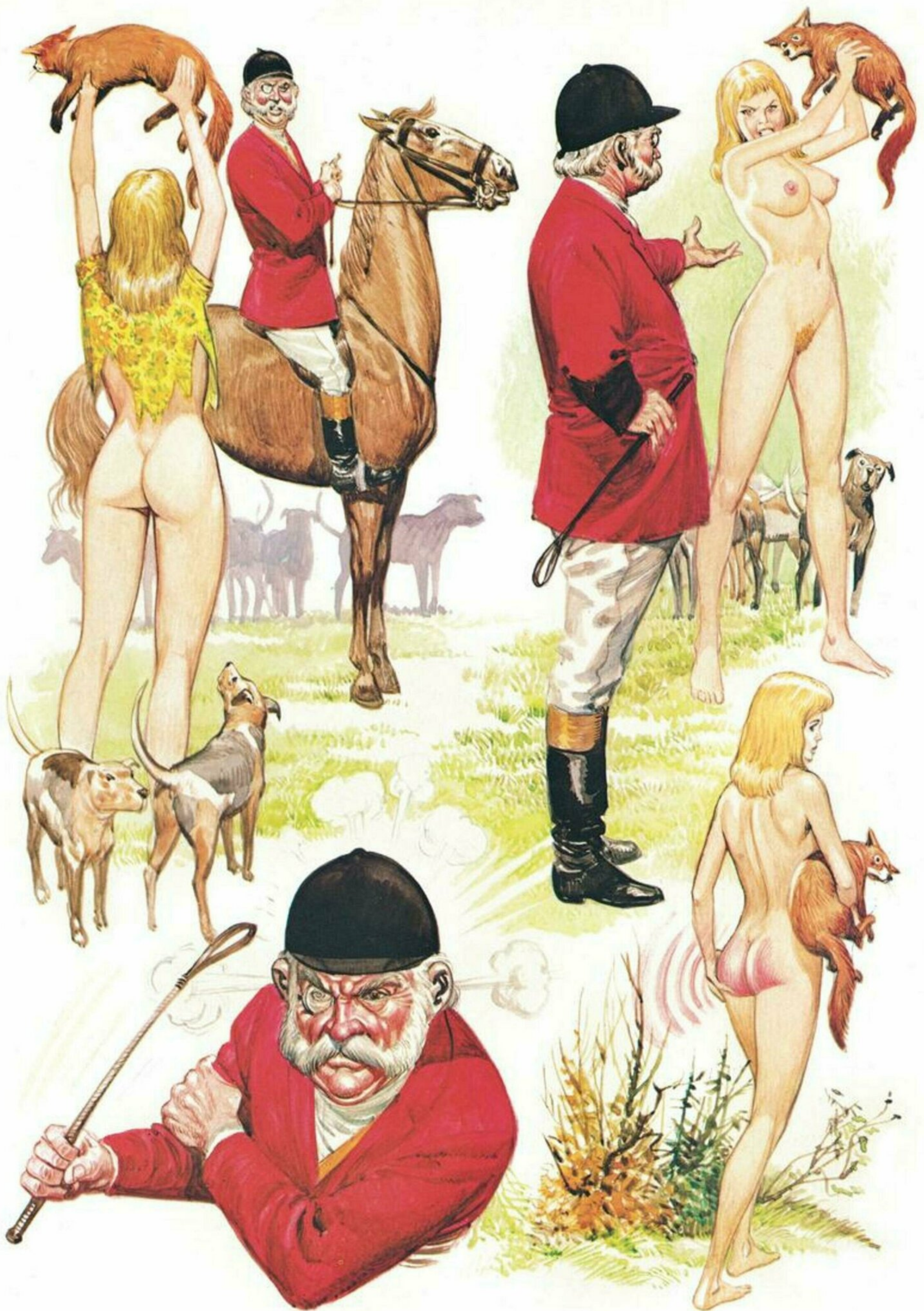


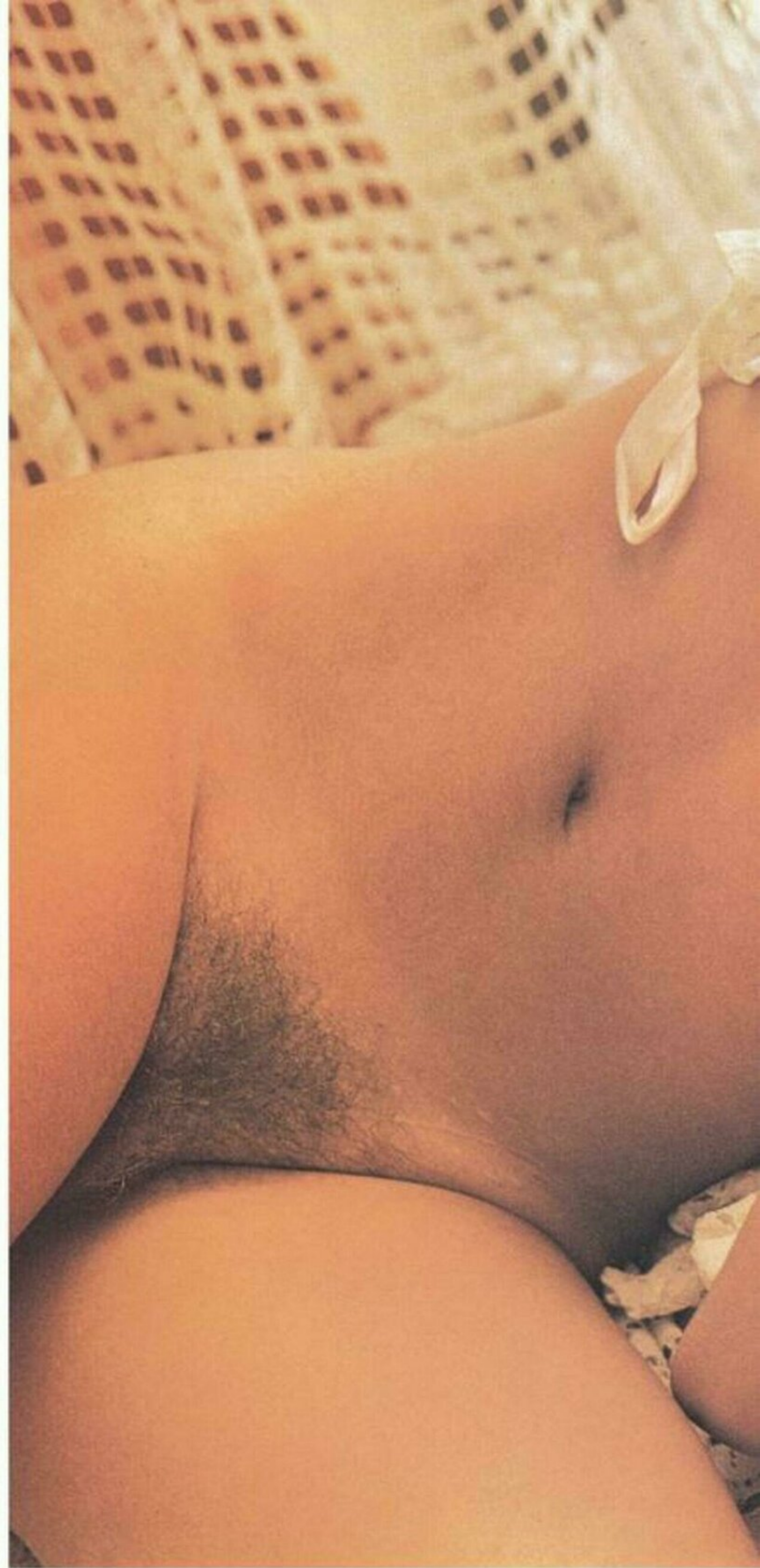
CARRIE



Trying to outfox
the hunt Carrie
comes a cropper







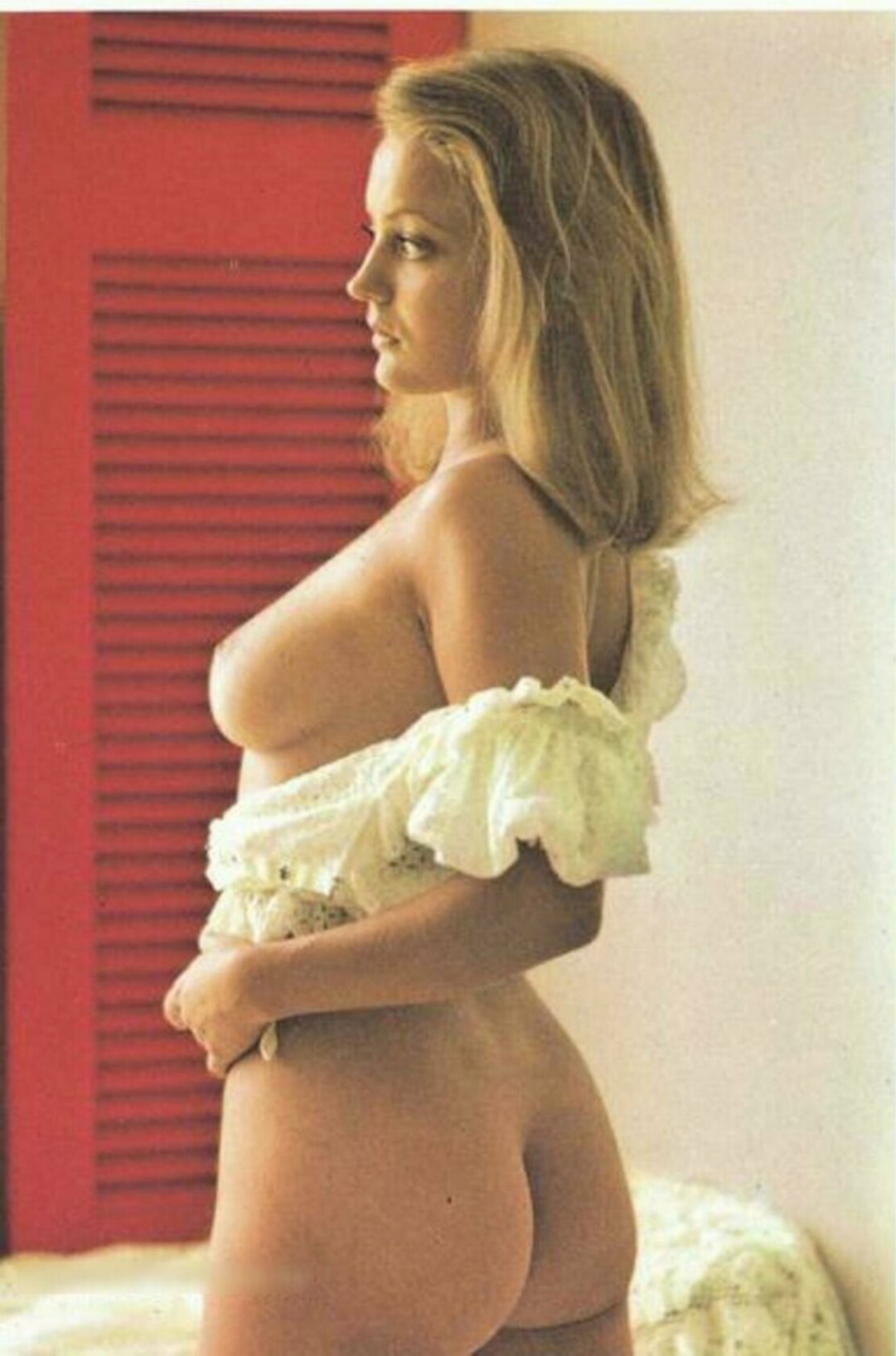


'I think very much I'm a yacht groupie,' declares Ann. 'I have many lovely times on yachts. We go out to sea, men and girls, and we are funny. Is that the right English? No, I know what you say, we have fun.' She giggles delightedly. 'My teacher back home in Gothenburg was always telling me to think carefully before I said anything in case I got it upside-out. Inside-down?' She pouts. 'Now you're laughing at me. Anyway, I bet you don't speak Swedish so good. I know German too, but it is worse than my English. Once when I was in Munich for the *Oktoberfest*, I went to a restaurant and ordered my food in German. They brought me a bottle of *Schnapps* and 20 frankfurters, but I think I ordered just a cup of coffee and a sandwich. It's also not so good with boys if you get things mixed up. For six months early last year, I worked as an *au pair* in London. At night I go to clubs and discotheques with other Swedish girls I meet. As soon as boys find out that you're Swedish, they all want to put their hands in your trousers, because they



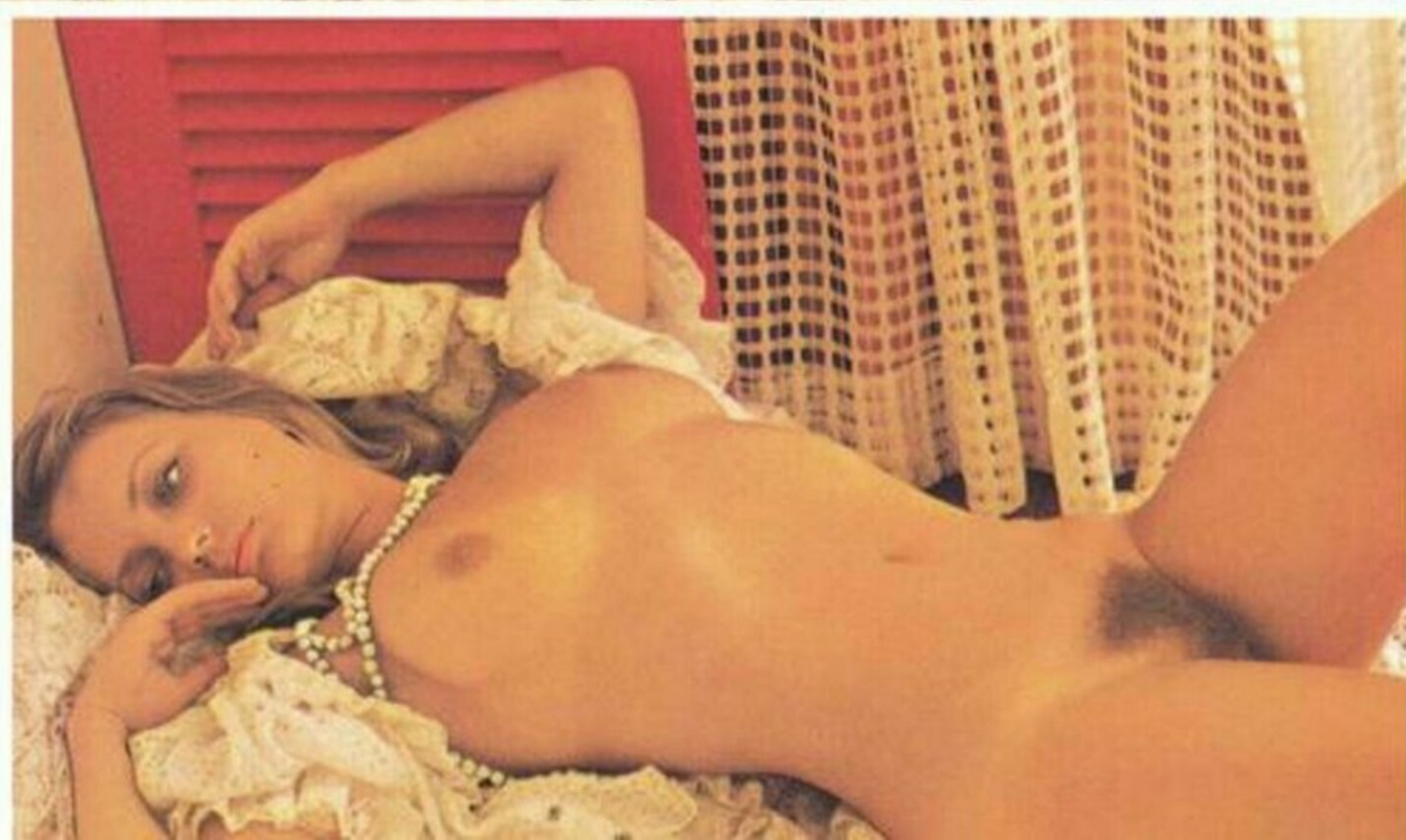
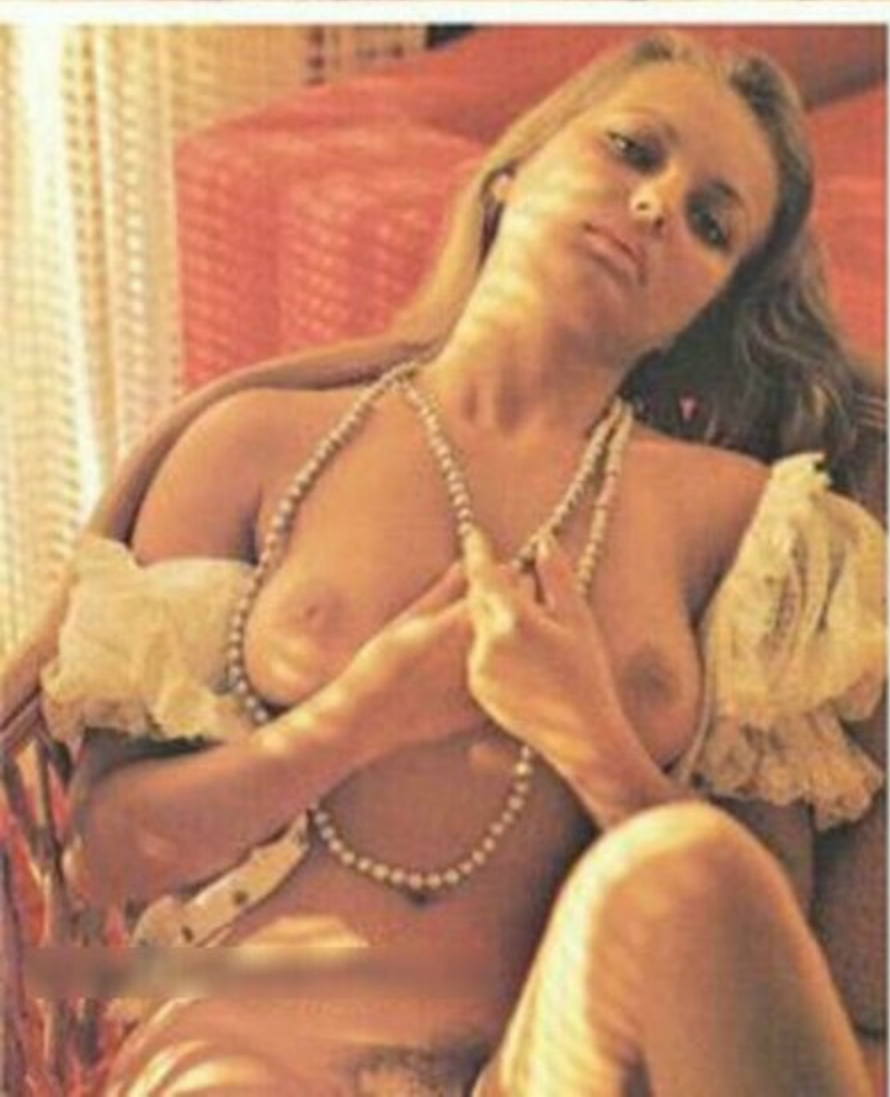


think you'll come with them to bed. They try to rape you when you're dancing and squeeze your booms. Boobs? I think I like booms better. Boobs sounds like a mistake, and mine are no mistake. So booms. They sound enormous in centimetres – 92. That's 37 inches and the rest is 24-36. I'm 5 feet 6 inches high; even higher when I wear those shoes with the platforms on their arse. Bottom? Platforms on their bottom. See, my English is already getting better. Now we speak about sex again and my booms. These English boys I have met are all so quick, they buy you a drink and five minutes later they want to go to bed with you. They think I'm easy, but really I'm difficult. To go to bed and





make love is nice but it takes time. First you meet a boy and talk and have a drink, then maybe you kiss, then he puts his hand on your boobs and squeeze, which makes me feel like I think I'll go to bed with him pretty quick and so I do. But not please, hello Ann have a drink let me take off your knickers. Only if he has a yacht maybe I let him do that. Otherwise, he must seduction me. I tell you something funny. One of my brother's friends is English, so when I left Gothenburg, he told me something to say to boys I don't like who want to touch me. One night I go to a club with a friend and this boy comes over and says a very rude thing to me. I remember what I was told, and so I take a big breath and say, 'Why don't you put your head between your legs and kiss your arse goodbye.' When I say this, the boy goes red and all the people laugh, so I guess maybe I said the right words to him. Yes? Anyway, I come back to London soon, because most of the people are very friendly and kind. If there were yachts in London it would be the nicest place in the world.'



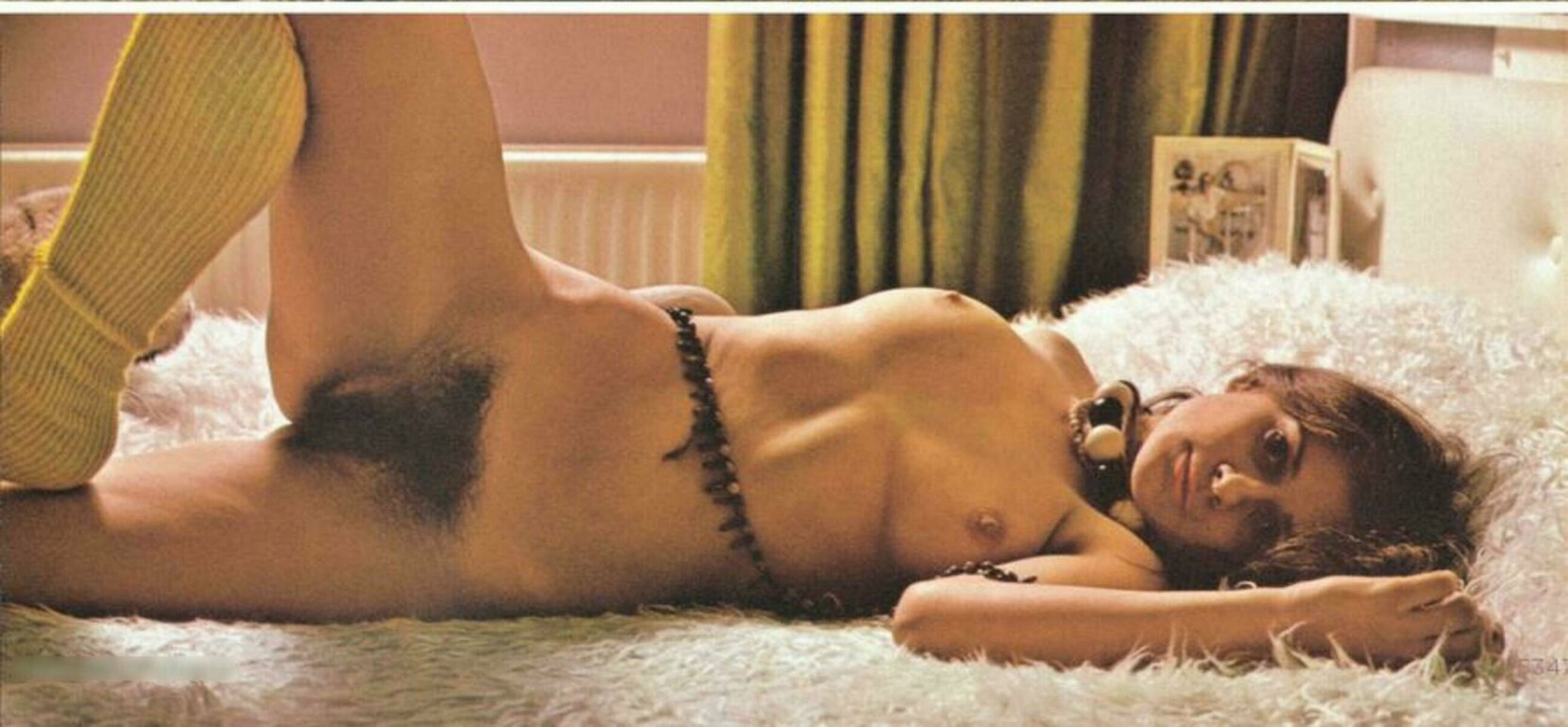
ANGIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

Angie Barry peers at you sternly over horn-rim glasses and informs you that the immortal phrase 'Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses' could not be more inaccurate. 'The person who said that obviously never worked where I have,' she observes. 'Honestly, sometimes I've been surrounded by raving sex maniacs. Talk about bottom pinchers and boob tweakers. If there was ever an Olympic touching up competition, some men I know would get the gold, silver and bronze medals!' 22-year-old Angie is now the secretary to the sales director of a large manufacturing concern just south of the Thames in London. Born in Brecon, South Wales, she moved to London when 17. 'I really couldn't stand it in Brecon,' maintains Angie, 'it must be the most incredibly boring place in the world. London's much nicer and

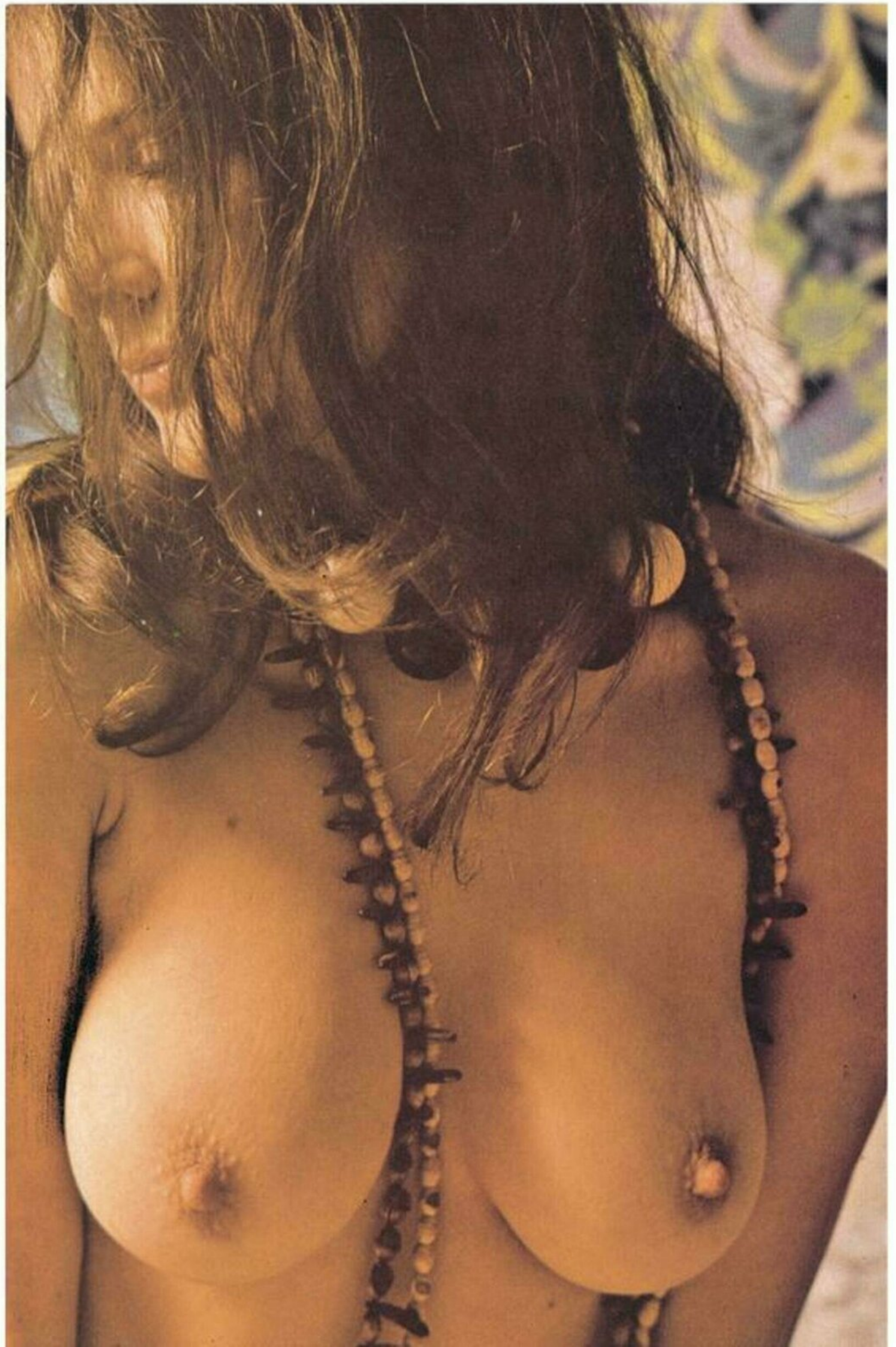








of course you have a wider choice of men.' She grins. 'You won't believe this but when I was temping once, I found the modesty panel in front of my desk had been taken off. I thought I'd pay my boss back in kind, so I hoisted up my skirt practically round my waist and sat with my legs wide open. It was very funny because my boss went pink and spilt tea all down his front. It can't be that often that a 37-23-36, 5 feet 6 inch lady acts naughty in front of her boss, can it? I was a bit disappointed in his reaction, to tell you the truth, because he was quite fanciable. If he'd been brave enough to proposition me I might have said OK. I fantasise about having love made to me over a desk, with papers flying everywhere. Who knows, maybe some day soon my luck might just change and fantasies will become a reality!







else,' remarked Roxanne with gentle self-mockery as our car sped along the M4, 'and to think that all my friends at home told me British males were so reserved!' During her whirlwind four-day stay, Roxanne was to discover that British cool was largely a myth. 'I've had two marriage proposals and many more rather indiscreet ones,' she laughed on her last morning here. 'I think the whole scene is absolutely fantastic and can't wait for a longer visit.' Neither can we.







EVA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

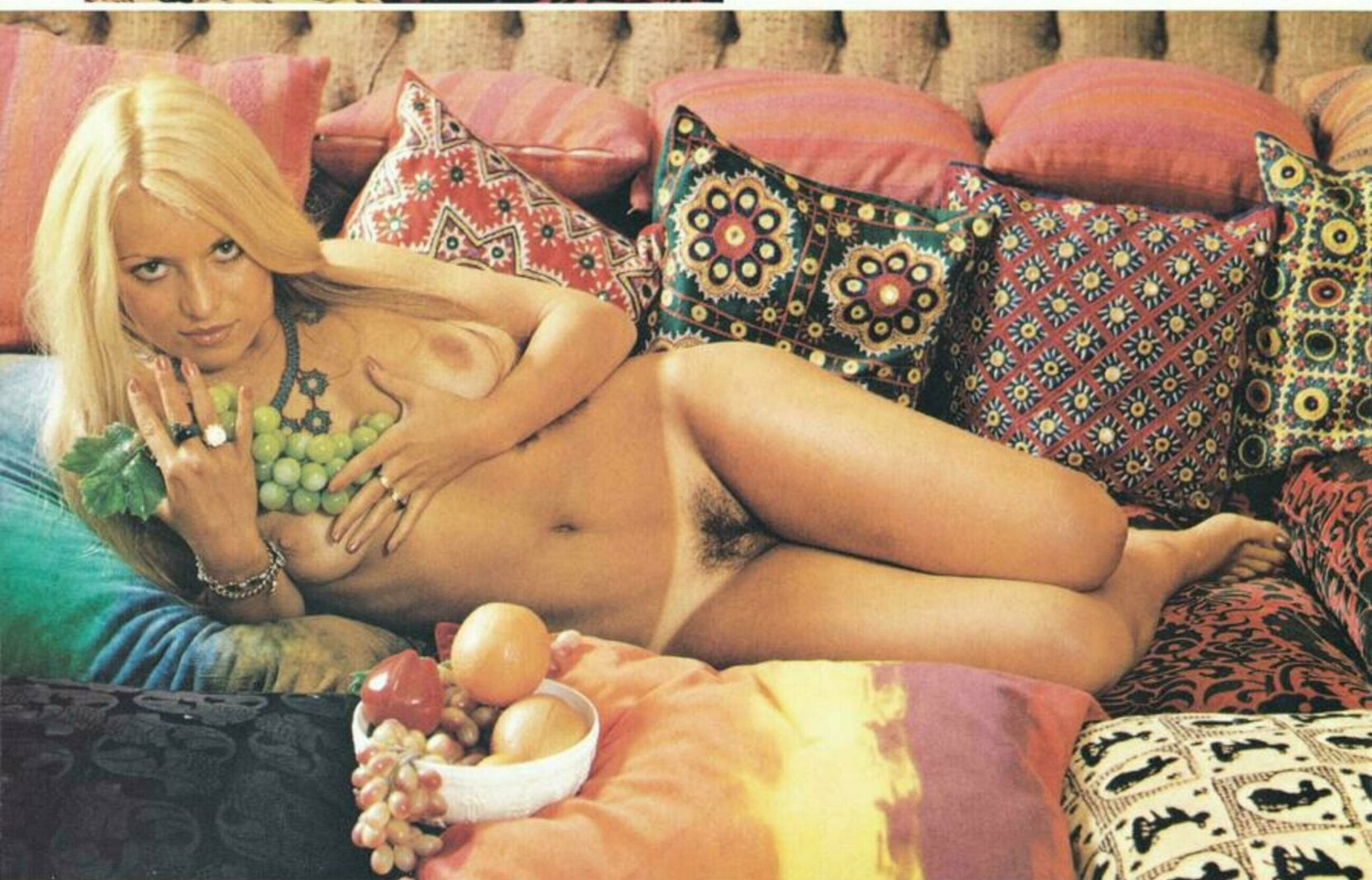
For some girls, the heady pace of city life encompassing clubs, restaurants and discos will prove an irresistible lure. Others though often shun the city for the simpler and more natural pleasures of country living. A very rare and fortunate few manage to combine the best of these two worlds and 21-year-old Eva Von Bork is lucky enough to be in this situation. Living as she does in Leyton on the eastern fringe of London, she is within a few minutes walk of the pastoral surrounds of Epping Forest, yet near enough to the action in central London to make frequent nights out a reasonable proposition. Eva lives alone with Eric the cat, an enormous number of records, a bulging wardrobe of clothes and



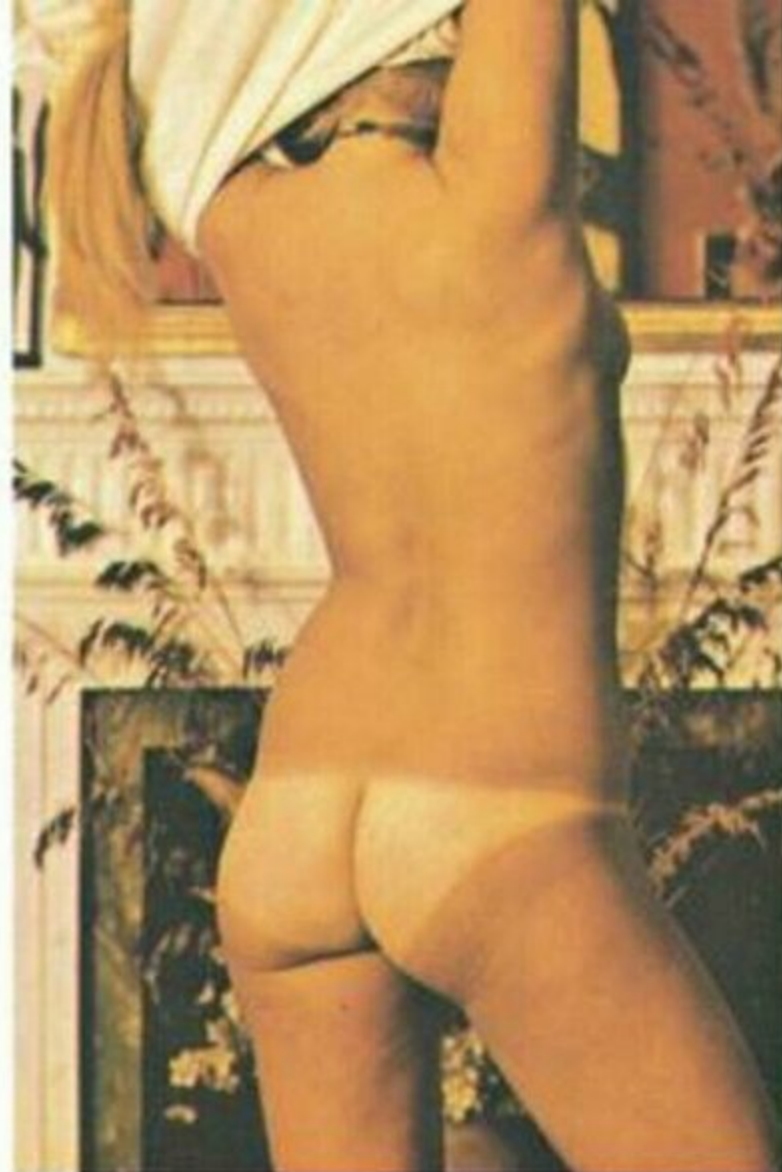




a jewel-box glittering with gold ornaments. 'I think,' says Eva, carefully measuring her words, 'that as I'm blonde, and especially when I'm tanned, gold looks very good on me. I only ever wear gold jewellery actually.' She laughs, 'I have expensive tastes!' Eva is currently training as an interpreter, a job that requires dedication, patience and an agile mind. Born in Dortmund, West Germany of an English father and a German mother, Eva has been in England for the past four years and speaks English without a trace of accent. 'I prefer living here. I like the English lifestyle and I like English men. Arty types wearing very tight trousers with a little bulge in the front. Yes, a little bulge, because it doesn't really matter to me whether a man is big or not. It depends on how he uses what he has. Sex for me has to be fun. I get very bored with just straight sex. I like playing little games with my lovers to turn us both on. When I was younger I used to be attracted to other girls, but I find that I prefer men now. I still like girls, but not in any sexual sense. It's just that I prefer the company, both in bed and out of bed, of







men. I must admit that even though I'm strictly a one man girl, I do tend to flirt and tease rather a lot, although not enough to have me labelled as a prick-tease. I just get a kick out of turning men on. I try to wear very sexy clothes like tight sweaters and see-through shirts. With my height, 5 feet 5 inches, and my figure, 34C-24-35, it seems quite easy to turn men on! When I'm in bed with a man, I'll dress to please him. White suspender belt and either black or glittery green stockings never seem to fail. Colourful things go down well too. It may sound a bit silly to you, but it's all fun really. Very hedonistic I suppose, but I just enjoy having a good time. If a man is truly a man and not effeminate in any way, he'll know how to handle me. I like to be dominated. Not whipped and tied up or things like that. Just kept in my place.' Who could deny then, that Eva's place is certainly in the home?







MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / EVA VON BORK



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

The teenage couple in the front room were engaged in a heavy petting session on the settee, unaware that the mother of the girl was peering through a crack in the door and reporting their every move to Dad, who continued to read his paper, unmoved. 'Eh, Dad,' she exclaimed, 'he's got our Ethel's blouse off now.'

'So what?' said Dad, 'I used to take yours off when we were their age, didn't I?'

'But Dad, he's got her right across the settee now.'

'That's all right,' came the disinterested reply, 'I used to put you across the settee at that age, didn't I?'

So the conversation continued in similar fashion for the next half an hour with Dad remaining unmoved by the whispered commentary. Finally all sounds of movement from the front room ceased and Dad heaved a sigh of relief as the discourse from Mum came to an end. Suddenly, however, she exclaimed, 'Eh, now he really is doing something you *never* did!'

'Well, what now?' queried Dad wearily. 'Eh, Dad,' she exclaimed, 'he's wiping his cock on our curtains!'

A group of country folk were about to set off on a visit to London to see Buckingham Palace. They all arrived at the coach station on time except for farmer Giles. Half an hour later he turned up carrying a huge basket of plums.

'What 'ave ye got 'em for?' his mates asked him.

'They're for 'Er Majesty,' he replied, 'for it say in National Anthem, don't it, "send her Victorias"?''

A sexy sales representative had a reputation for always getting in to see the heads of major companies. When pressed on how she managed it she said: 'Quite easily, really. It's just careful planning.'

'In what way?' she was asked.

'Well, I always carry this rubber date stamp. Then I take a pair of my sexiest panties. Suppose I wanted to see the director on Wednesday the 22nd, I'd date stamp one leg of the pants the 21st and the other the 23rd. Then I'd send them to him with a note which says: "Would you like to see me somewhere between Tuesday and Thursday?"'



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Every Friday evening old Fred went to his local cinema for his weekly night out and, to keep him company, he always took along his pet duck. Fred was an old friend of the cinema manager who was pleased to allow Fred's duck to accompany him. One Friday Fred was in the queue as usual with his duck at his feet and as he neared the box-office he felt a firm hand on his shoulder. 'Sorry,' said the commissionaire, 'but the old manager's retired. We've got a new whizz-kid in charge now and he wants to create a new image. It'd be more than my job's worth to let that duck of yours in. You can come in, but not him.'

So Fred picked up his despondent duck tucked him under an arm and waddled off down the street. 'Blast it,' he thought as he turned the corner, 'no jumped up youngster's going to ruin our night out.' Fred unbuttoned his mac and popped the duck down the front of his trousers and rejoined the queue at the box-office.

After about half an hour in the darkened cinema the duck became restless so Fred undid a fly button and the duck popped its head out, happy for the fresh air.

A few minutes later the busty blonde sitting next to Fred leaned over and whispered to her boyfriend, 'Here, Bill, that old boy next to me's got his thing out.'

'What's wrong with that?' said Bill, 'you've got mine out.'

'Yeah,' continued the blonde, 'but yours isn't eating my popcorn!'

Did you hear about the girl who wrote to the problem page of a famous woman's magazine? 'I love my boyfriend dearly,' she wrote, 'but every time I arrive on a date he looks so badly shaved. What should I do?' The magazine counselled: 'Try arriving on time!'

Confucious he say man who make love to woman on ground have piece on earth.

A Norseman about to set sail on a raping and pillaging raid was asked by his blind wife to bring back a new sink unit. 'I just can't cope with our present one,' she said, 'it leaks muck everywhere . . . and you know those pigs, they're in the kitchen getting under my feet and tripping me up. So, dear, bring me back a nice new stainless steel sink.'

A few days later the Norsemen descended on a Saxon village and set about the usual task of raping and pillaging. On returning to the longboat, the Norseman remembered the sink so dashed back to the burning village. A thorough search, however, revealed nothing more than a used coal hod. 'Ah, early Saxon. Quite nice. She'll never know the difference,' he thought.

On returning home he presented his wife with the hod and explained that he couldn't find a new stainless steel sink like she'd asked for. And far from being annoyed she was most pleased with the acquisition. Which only goes to prove that an 'od's as good as a sink to a blind Norse.

The big-time gambler's funeral was well attended by his former professional acquaintances. In eulogy, the speaker said, 'Spike is not dead, he only sleeps.' From the back of the hall came a voice: 'I've got £100 that says he don't wake up.'

There was a young fellow of Cork
Who couldn't get his bladder to work.
He at last freed his organ
From its terrible burden,
By piercing the end with a fork.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.



LINDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

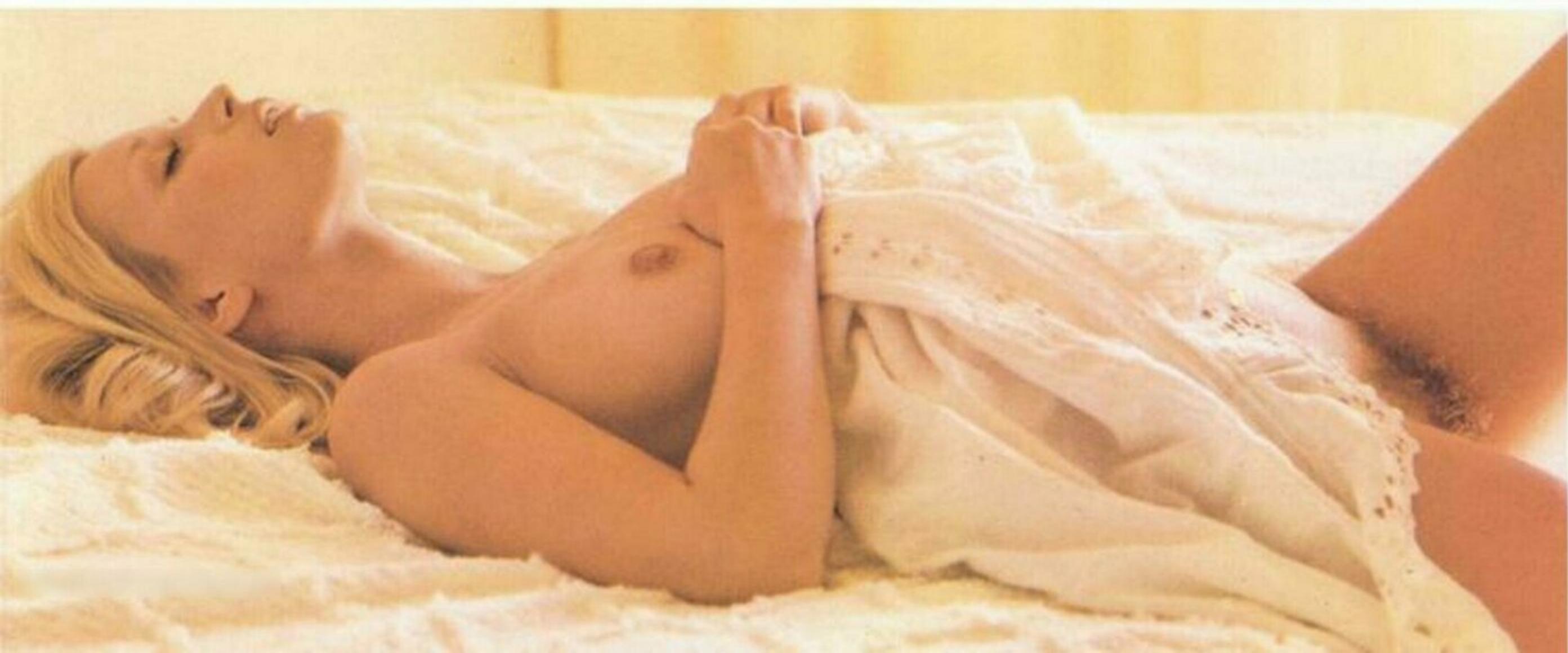
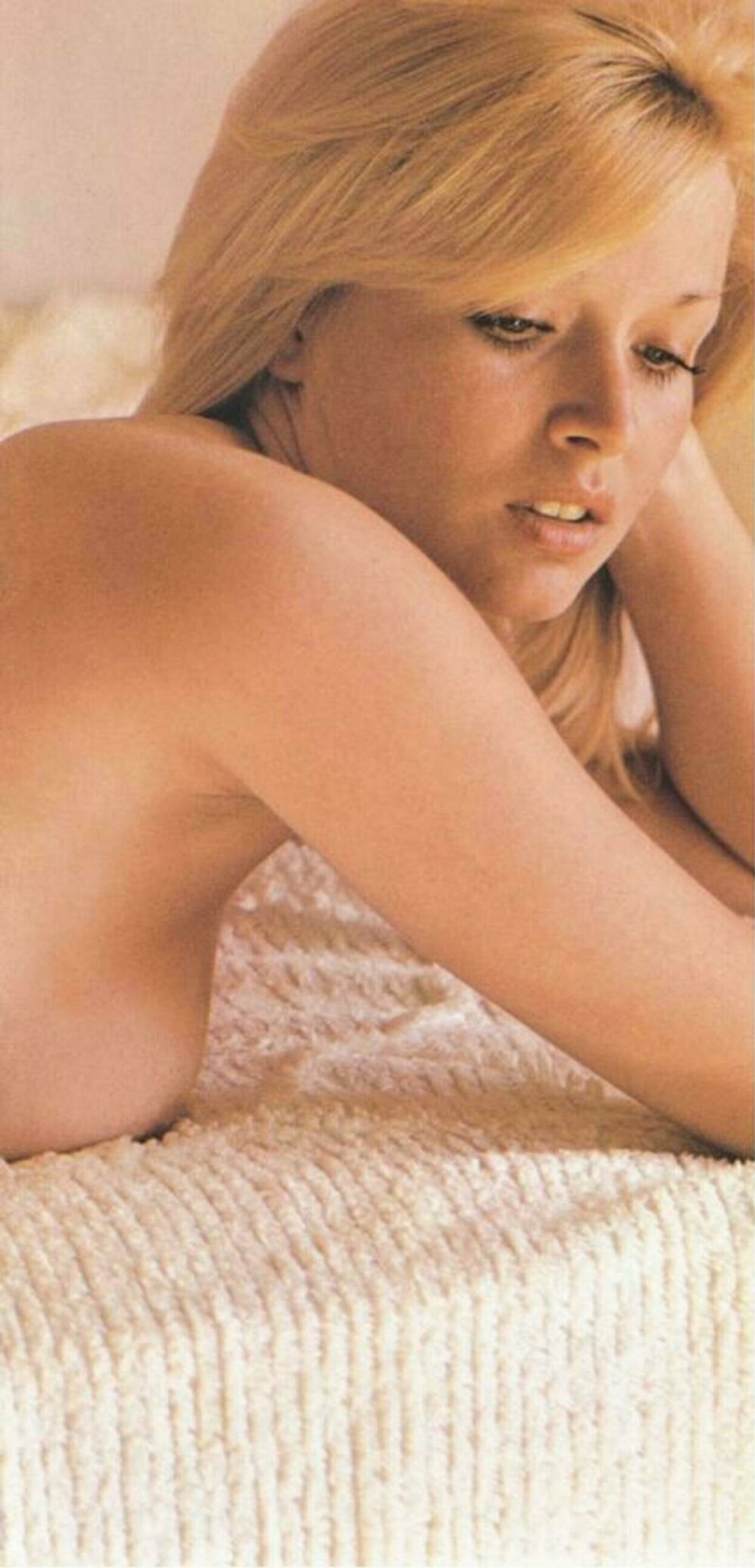


In our fair capital city there are clubs and clubs. Some good, some bad, some indifferent. At the top end of the scale, Tramps, Annabels and Mortons; the stomping ground of Lindy Benson. 22 years old, blonde, blue-eyed, just 5 feet 4 inches tall and filling a tape-measure to the tune of 34B-22-33. Very pleasantly too, as every single male cinema-goer who saw the film *Tonight* will readily agree. 'My life does tend to revolve around work,' maintains Lindy. 'When I'm working on a film, I have to be on set at the crack of dawn and that means no late nights. But when I don't happen to be filming . . .' Lindy laughs. 'I'm a clubber, I've got to admit it, and I do like the more fashionable places. I like the kind of people that go there, the atmosphere, everything about them in fact. I like dancing – and a good meal too. The only real problem is that as most of my favourite places admit members only you either have to be a member yourself or go with someone who is. I'm lucky in that I never run into difficulties as



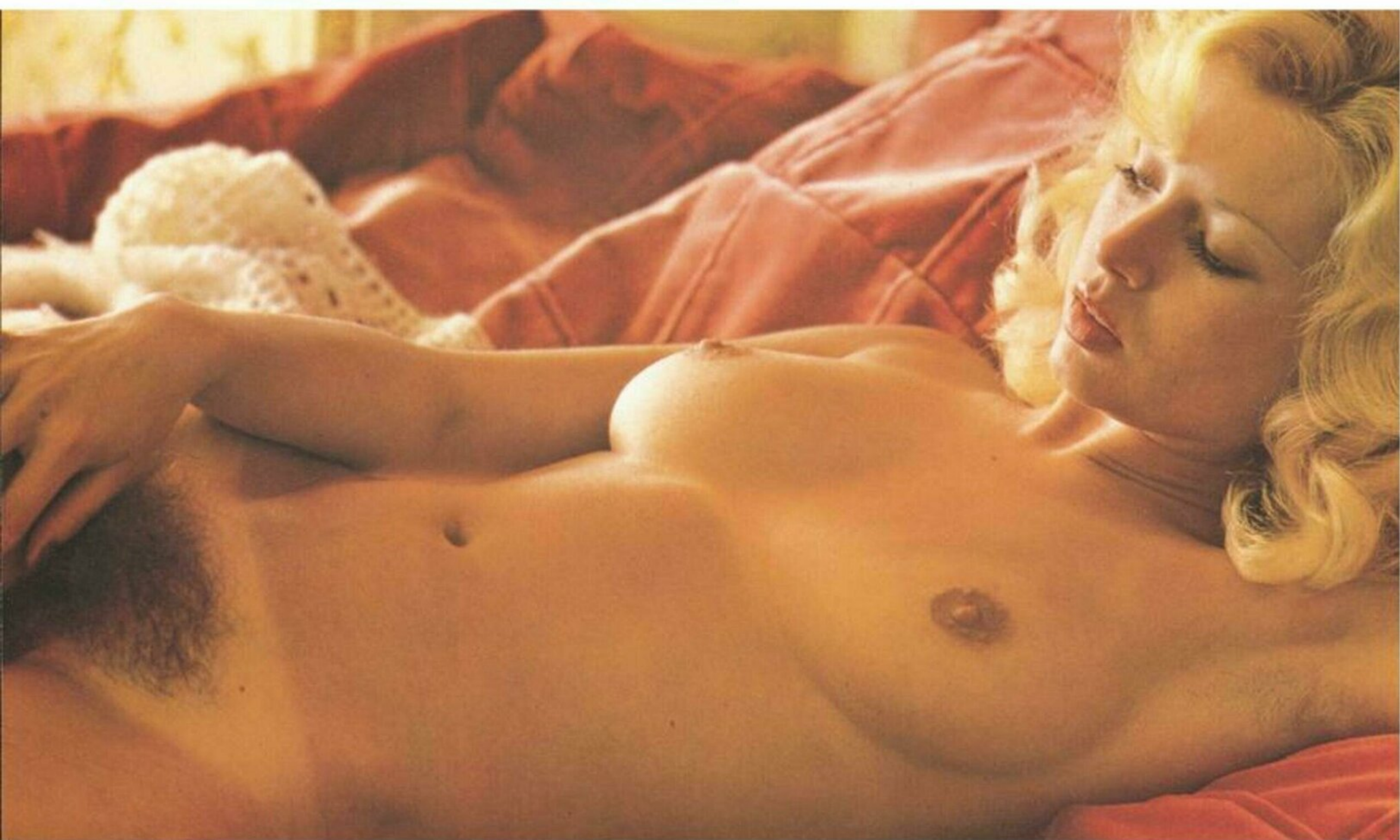


it's great to go out with friends or your particular boyfriend of the moment. I much prefer going out with people I know than, say, going to a party where I know maybe only a few people. I suppose I'm a bit shy in a way.' Lindy smiles. 'Now you're going to be asking yourself if I'm a bit shy how come I don't mind taking my clothes off for *Mayfair*? It's a question I can't answer myself really. A lot depends on the photographer and Siwer was lovely to work with. I couldn't take my clothes off for just *anyone* though. Same with sex. I know it must sound very silly to you and I know that we're supposed to be liberated and all that, but I do view sex with a certain innocence. I like it to be romantic. Wine, guitars, moonlight and roses. Omar Khayam had the right idea with his loaves of bread and jugs of wine. Especially the latter, dry white with just a touch of sweetness – a good hock for instance. It's a very gentle drink, makes you feel mellow and cuddly. It's the times I drink wine that I wish I was married. I think about the girls





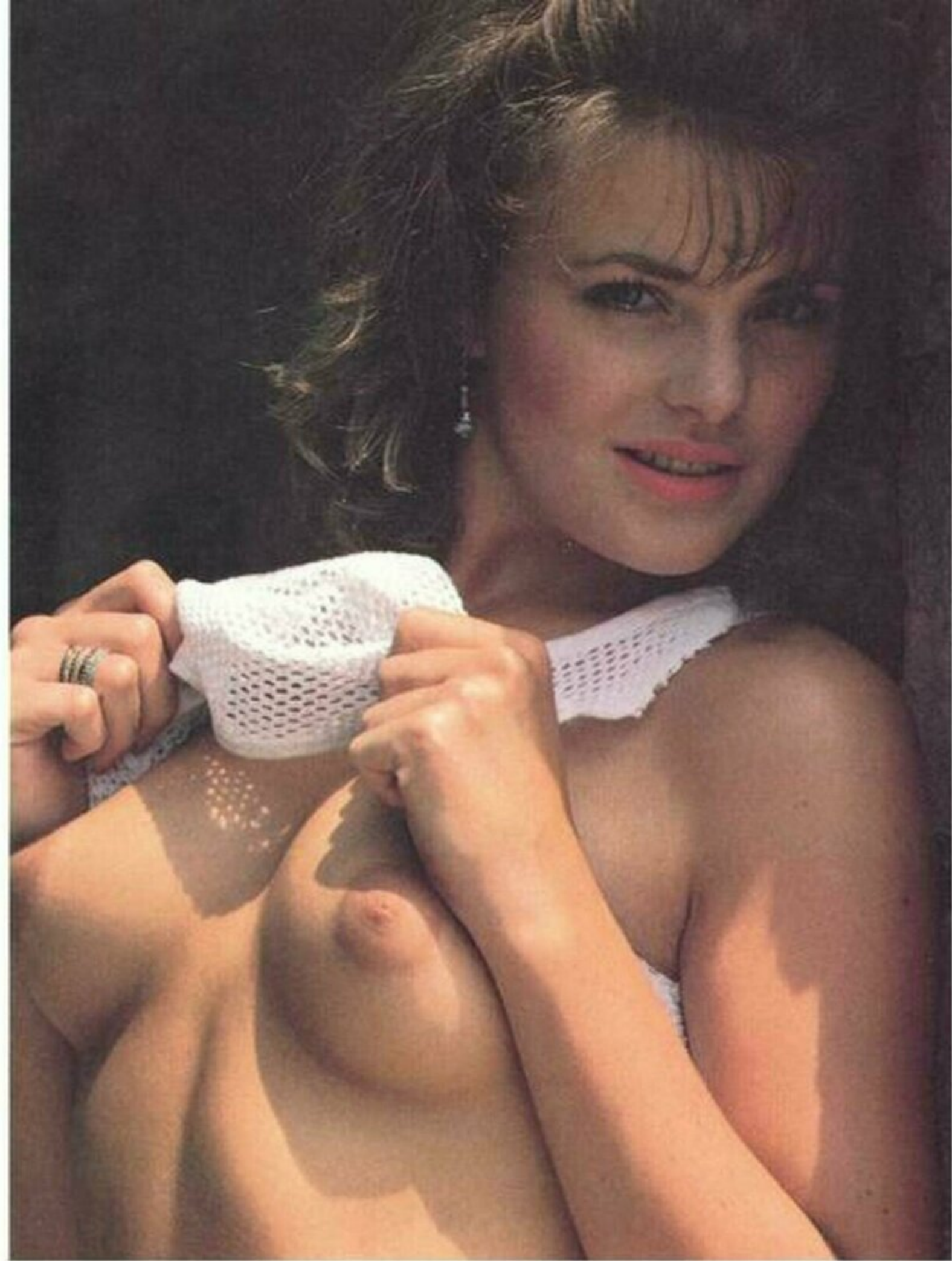
I went to school with at the Highgate Wood Secondary Modern up in Muswell Hill, north London where I was born, and I quite envy them. It must be awfully nice to get married and settle down. I'm sure I will sometime, but I do get a bit lonely sometimes.' Lindy looks wistful for a moment, absently brushing a loose strand of soft blonde hair away from her eyes. 'Still,' she adds brightly, 'there are distinct advantages to being single too. You get your pick of different boyfriends for instance. I'm always the one who's chatted-up – I don't really have the nerve to go up to a man I fancy and let him know that I do fancy him – but that's not such a bad thing. Because wouldn't it be terrible if you started coming on strong with a man only to find that he thought you were awful! That would be so embarrassing.' She giggles, now thoroughly cheered up again. 'I must admit, it would be quite funny though, the sort of thing that would probably appeal to my sense of humour. Like something out of a Woody Allen or a Mel Brooks film. I like them, they take the mickey. They're cheeky. They just rely on pure wit. That's a quality I admire. I think I'd have liked Oscar Wilde.' Lindy, we bet that Oscar might have liked you too.







Jane
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JEAN ROUGERON



With her smouldering sexuality and tanned 34-24-35 figure, it is hard to picture Jane Wilson spending most of her days surrounded by three lively toddlers. But Jane, 22, is now a professional nanny in Kensington.





'I plan to go to art college in a year or two because my ambition is to be a commercial artist,' Jane explained. 'Being a nanny is great because I live a luxury lifestyle I couldn't possibly afford, and I get a lot of fun out of being with kids without having them myself.' Does that mean Jane has no plans for settling down and raising a family? 'Damn right. I want a husband and babies one day, but not for a few years yet. I want to establish myself, and make my mark in a career first. I am really quite ambitious and want to achieve something on my own account.'







When it comes to men Jane always enjoys independence. 'I think they are absolutely wonderful, and that's why I'm not looking for a permanent relationship. There are so many great guys around that I couldn't possibly limit myself to just one. I'm not only talking sex, though I do enjoy that enormously. I love the flirting and the whole ritual of courting and chatting up.'





MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
JANE WILSON



Geraldine

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JOHN
PATRICK
BURGESS



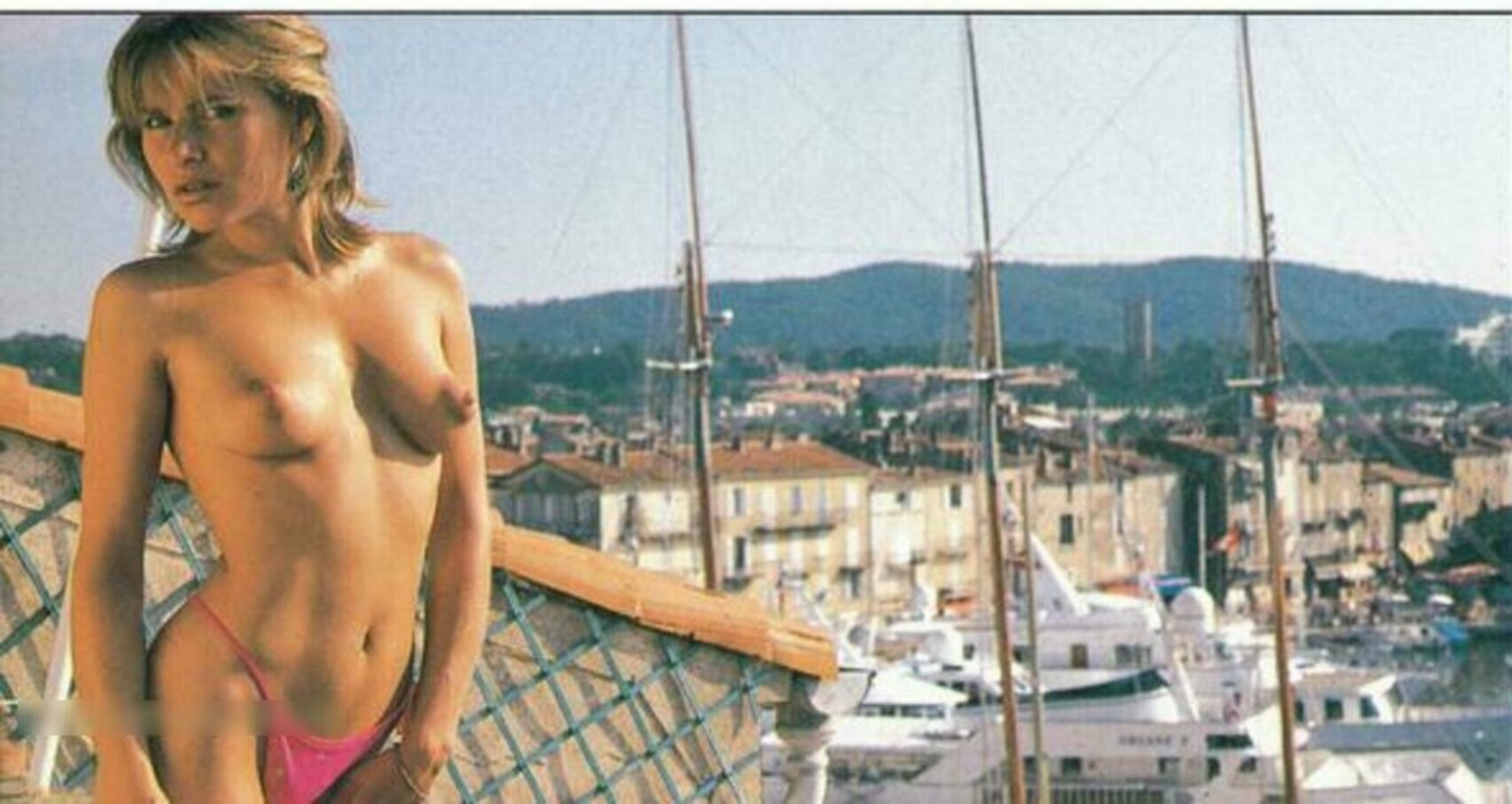
After a day poring over dusty tomes, most scholars of 17th century French literature might be expected to relax with a glass of wine and an improving book. And so does Geraldine Carswell. She also takes off all her clothes.



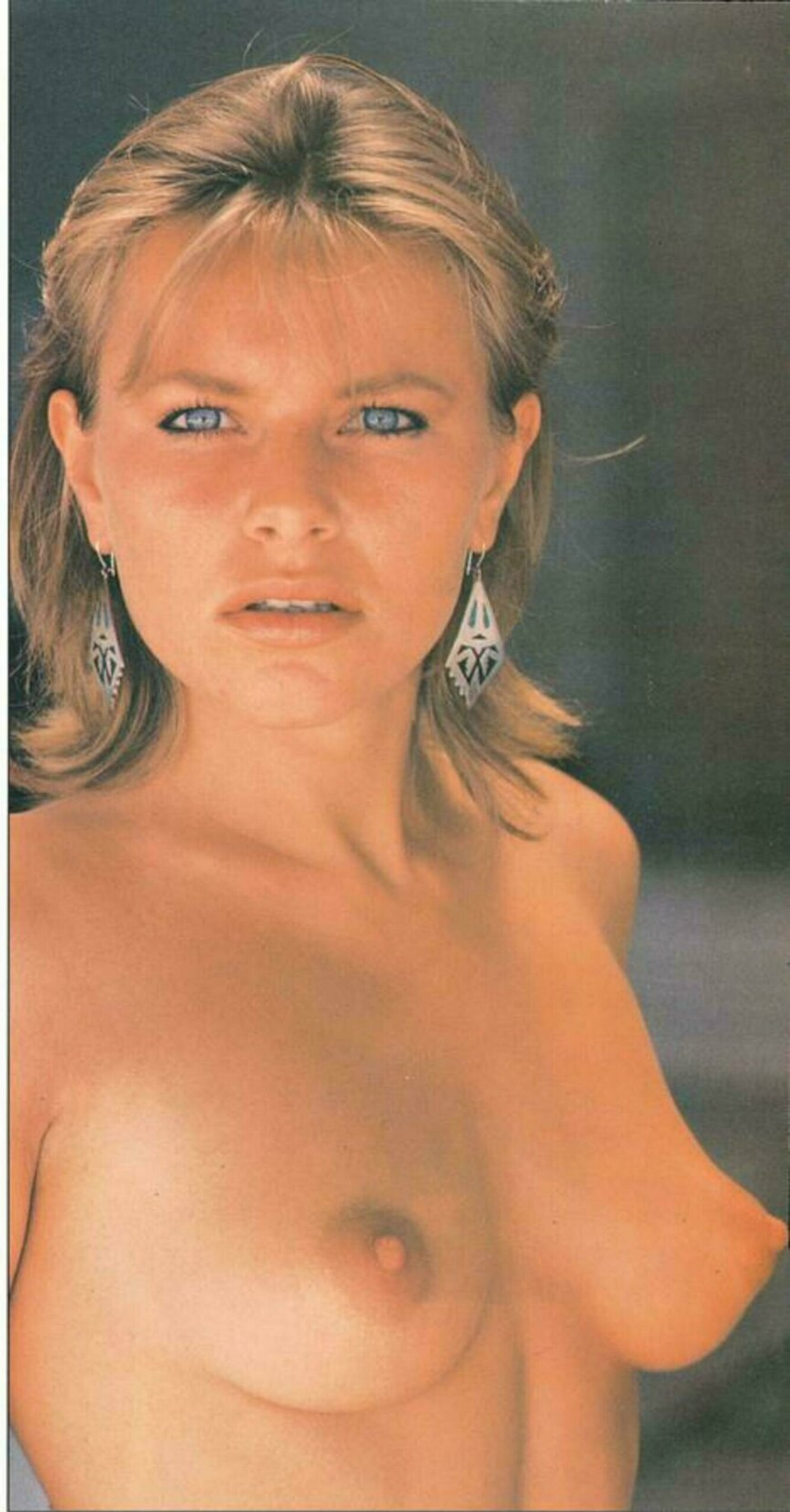
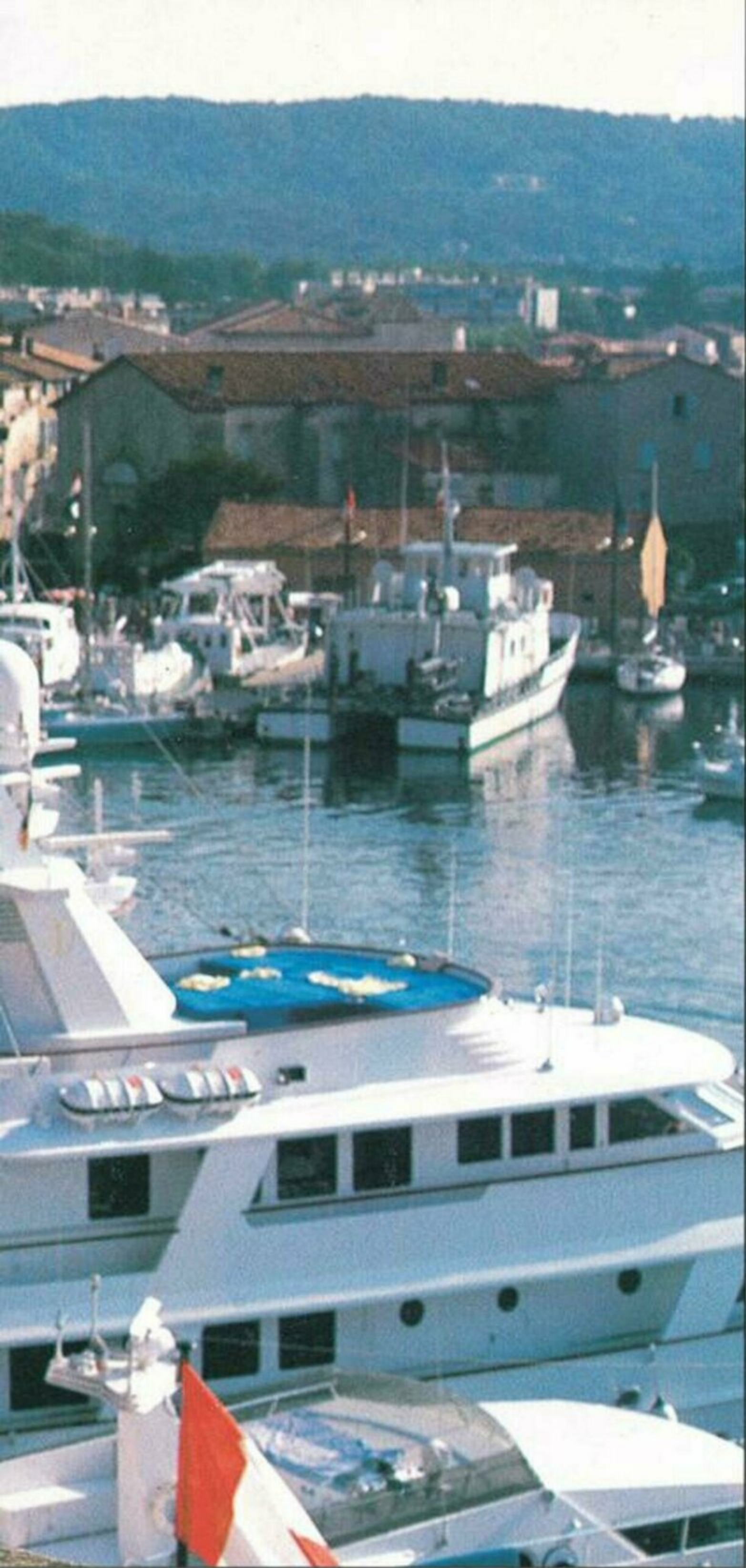
'Of course living all last summer in the south of France was a help,' grins this 34-22-34 inch 22-year-old from Deal. 'It was the language practice year of a university course I was doing in French. I was working at a *lycée* near Cannes on an exchange basis. But then everything fell through.'







Rather than go home, she decided to continue her studies on her own. 'With the help of an obliging French boyfriend,' she admits wryly. 'All the girls on the beach were topless, and a few bottomless too. I thought it wouldn't do to let the British side down!'



The result was a superb all-over tan, and 'a rather more intimate experience of the French language than I'd have got in a school.' Home now, she still relaxes with a glass of wine, but that's all. 'Deal wouldn't take too kindly to all-over sunbathers!'







A businessman took on a beautiful brunette as a secretary. She was attractive, very efficient and very, very sexy. So much so that for her first week's pay, he bought her a pure silk and real lace nightdress. And for the second week's pay, he gave her a gold wrist watch. And for the third week's pay... he raised her first week's pay.

To liven up a rather dull race meeting, one Hooray Henry decided to play a little joke. Pretending to be an official, he sneaked into the race announcer's office, and handed him a note he'd written earlier. 'Read this out, it's urgent!' he demanded. Without thinking, the announcer switched on the microphone.

'And here's the latest betting news,' said the voice over the tannoy, 'Lady Caroline's Fanny has been scratched.'

What the announcer didn't know was that Lady Caroline, far from being the name of a horse, was the name of the course owner's wife. He was soon to find out. Within seconds of the announcement, a furious Lord Fetlock, owner of the course, burst into the room.

'How dare you!' he shouted at the hapless announcer. 'Lady Caroline's Fanny isn't a horse. That's my wife you're talking about. Now, broadcast an apology.'

'Yes, certainly, of course, my Lord,' replied the announcer nervously, and switched on the mike.

'I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, I have a correction to the last announcement. Lady Caroline's Fanny has not been scratched. In fact, it's never even been entered.'

Why do they have cats' eyes in the middle of the road?

Because if they used cats' arses, they'd need twice as many.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Our drum majorettes are the best.
They march whilst getting undressed.
And what do they play
As they're stripping away?
Air on a G-string? You guessed!

'Doctor,' came the sweet young voice over the phone, 'it's Miss Bright here. You know I came in for an examination this morning. You couldn't be a dear, and have a look to see if I left a pair of pale blue satin knickers in your surgery could you?'

'Why certainly,' replied the doctor remembering examining Miss Bright's naked form very well. He looked around for the miniscule briefs, but to no avail.

'I'm sorry, they're not here,' he replied.

'Oh dear,' sighed Miss Bright. 'I must have left them at the dentists.'

Great Quotes of Our Time:

If you're feeling that the sexual revolution has passed you by, then pity Rodney Dangerfield. He has the desire but no success, or so he claims.

'At certain times, I fancy sex — like after a cigarette... but if it wasn't for pickpockets, I'd have no sex life at all.'

A little girl was walking her badly behaved dog along the street when the vicar walked by.

'That's a naughty dog. What do you call him?' he asked.

'Herpes,' replied the girl.

'Why's that?'

'Because he won't heel.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.



What do you call an Irish Rastafarian's hairstyle?
Padlocks.

Robinson Crusoe's lesser known brother Eric was shipwrecked with his dog on a desert island. He lived off the wild pigs that were native to the island, which he killed and ate — except for one, that is, which he kept as a pet. As the weeks went by, and frustration began to set in, Eric became strangely attracted to the well-rounded pig, and decided to vent his sexual urges on it. However, as soon as he got close to it, his dog became jealous, and leapt on top of him, biting and scratching.

This continued for some weeks, by which time Eric's sexual frustration was appalling. Then, one day, Eric could hardly believe his eyes... there was a naked lady's body lying on the shore. She was blonde and beautiful, and had obviously been involved in a shipwreck too. She was unconscious, but alive.

Slowly Eric nursed her back to health, until one day, she sat up, and gave Eric a big kiss.

'Oh thank you, thank you,' she said. 'You have saved my life.'

Eric smiled meekly. The girl pushed her naked tanned breasts into his chest.

'Is there *anything* I can do to repay you?' she asked, cupping her firm breasts.

At last Eric could end his terrible sexual frustration.

'Why yes, there is,' he said with an excited smile. 'Can you take this bloody dog for a walk?'

A puppy limped into the western town, and hobbled up to the bar.

'Can I help you?' asked the bar tender.

'Yup,' said the puppy, 'I'm looking for the man who shot my paw.'

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JEAN
ROUGERON

ISABELLE



Twenty-two-year-old Isabelle Duncan is a living compendium of the EEC. 'My father is Scottish, my mother is French and my grandmother was

Spanish,' says this 36D-25-34 Dorset lass. 'I also have a German shepherd called Adolf. I don't know if he counts! He's one of the family.'









All of which helps her enormously in her job as a secretary for a small West Country tour operator. 'I may not be the best typist in the world,' she jokes, 'but I do know how to say sorry in

three different languages!' The perks include frequent trips to her parents in France.





'They retired there three years ago, leaving me to look after their old home near Sherborne. But I had so many parties they decided to sell while there was something still standing!' She now shares a small flat with Adolf, who proves handy with over-enthusiastic boy-friends. 'Not that I object to enthusiasm,' she smiles. 'From the right man, of course.'

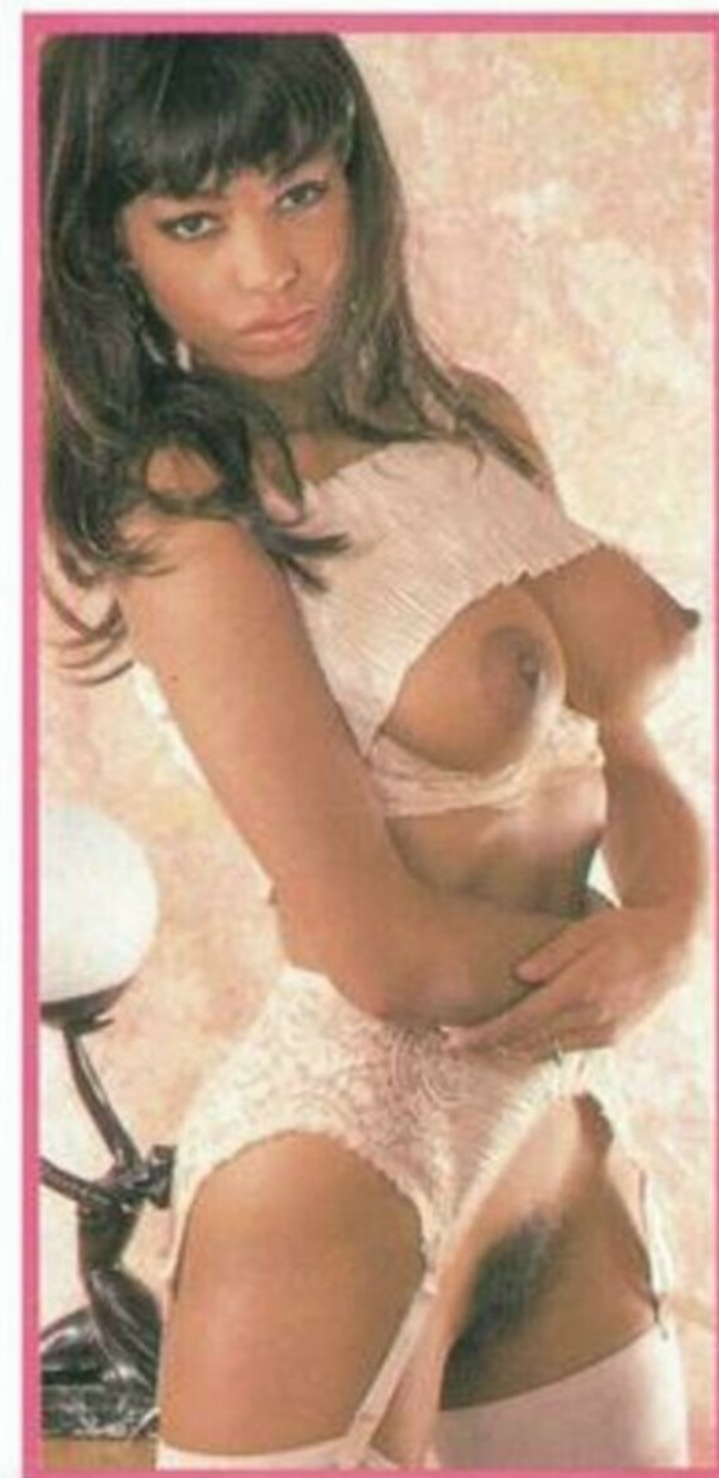


Charmaine

With huge boobs and the sort of bum that even the most dedicated vegetarian would love to sink his teeth into, Charmaine is 38-24-36 inches of sheer sex. "Ever since I was sixteen I've thought about nothing else!" confesses the Twickenham-born 20-year-old. Even the loss of her virginity was not the clumsy first fumble most girls regret but a steamy session that lasted for hours! "I instinctively knew what to do," Charmaine says, "and since then it's got better and better!"

Some men are actually quite intimidated by Charmaine's range of sexual activities. "I love trying new positions or different things like rubber or leather. Why not? It's there to be enjoyed! But I can't find a man to keep up with me. They're all such prudes. Perhaps there's a *Mayfair* reader who can take me on?" A sealed bid to the usual address, guys. **M**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOANIE ALLUM





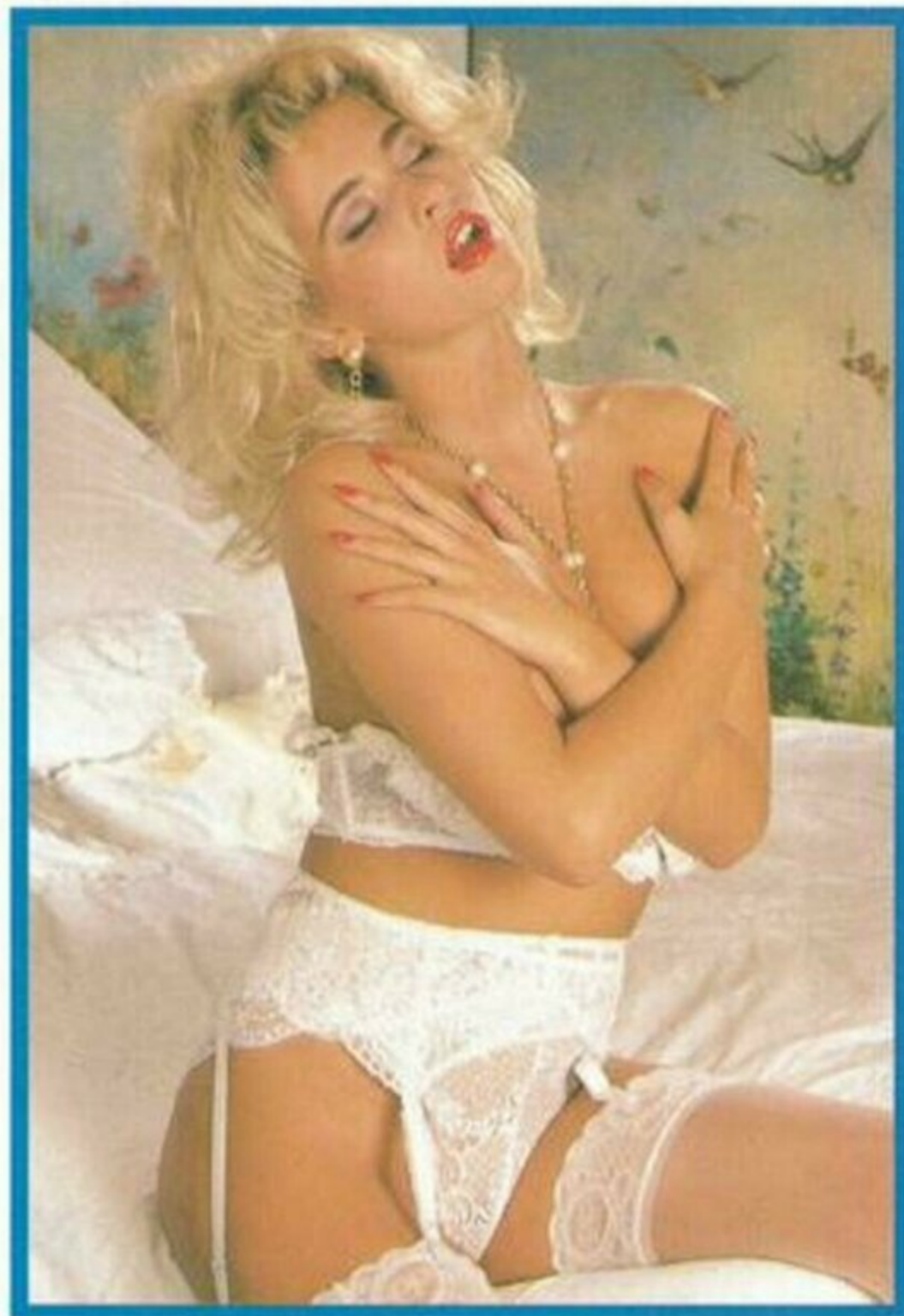








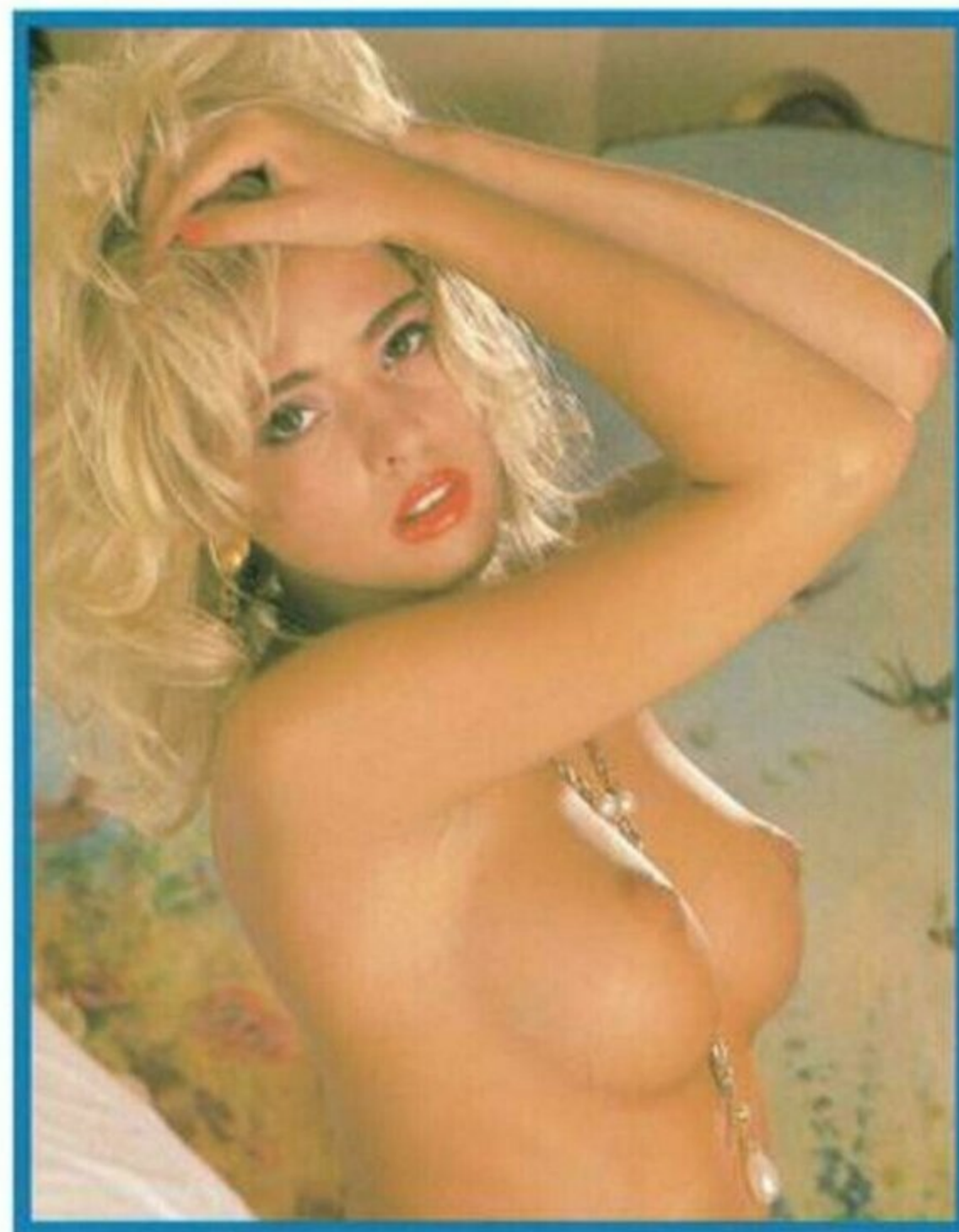
JOANNE





She's blonde, she's busty, and she's back! It's Joanne, the girl whose bes sides have not gone un-noticed. Never before in the field of human underwear endeavour have so many of you written in asking to see so much of so few! "I think I understand what you mean," giggles Jo. "It's nice to thinl Mayfair readers are all together in seeing me in my all-together!" 

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES











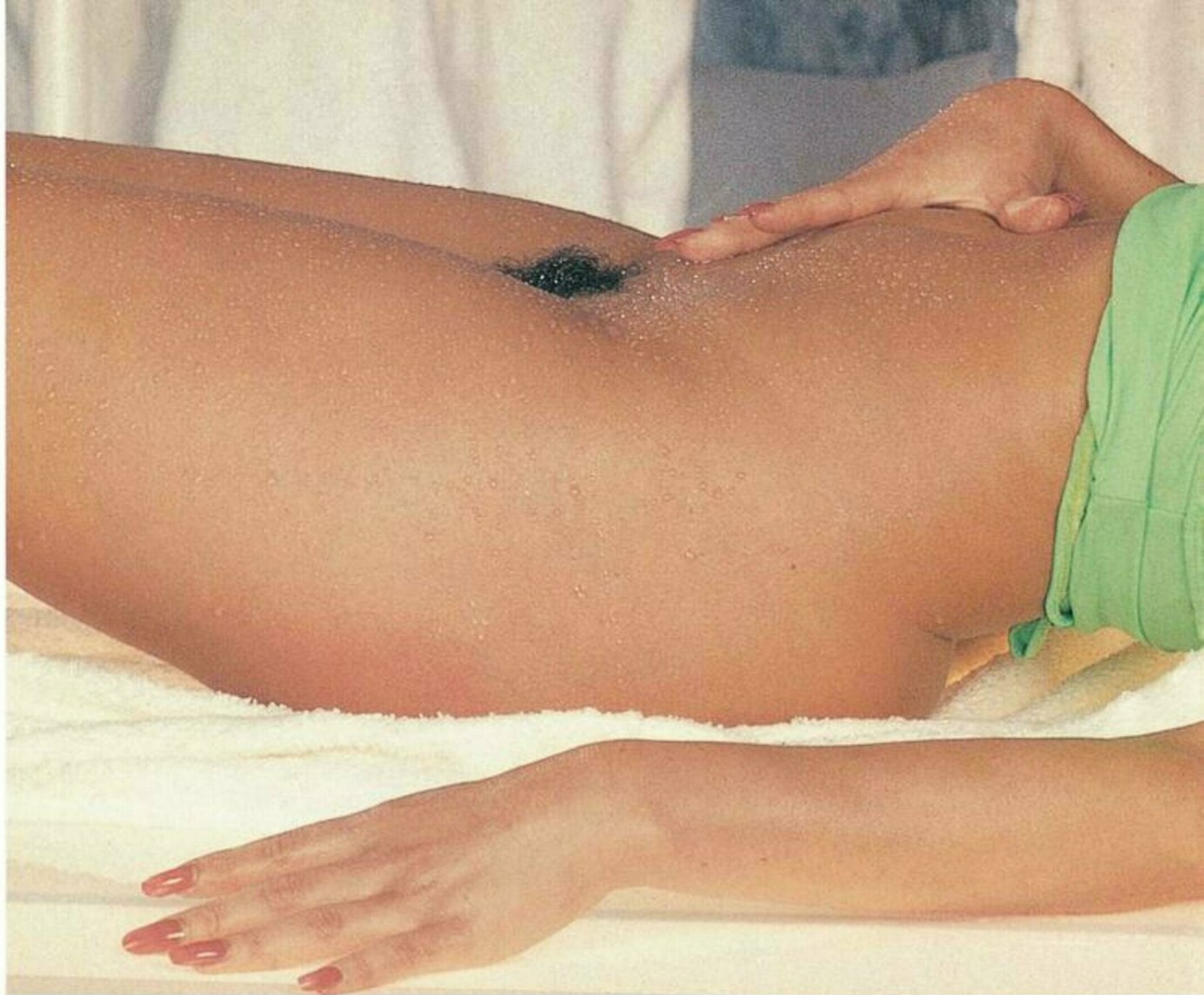
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

CARRIE



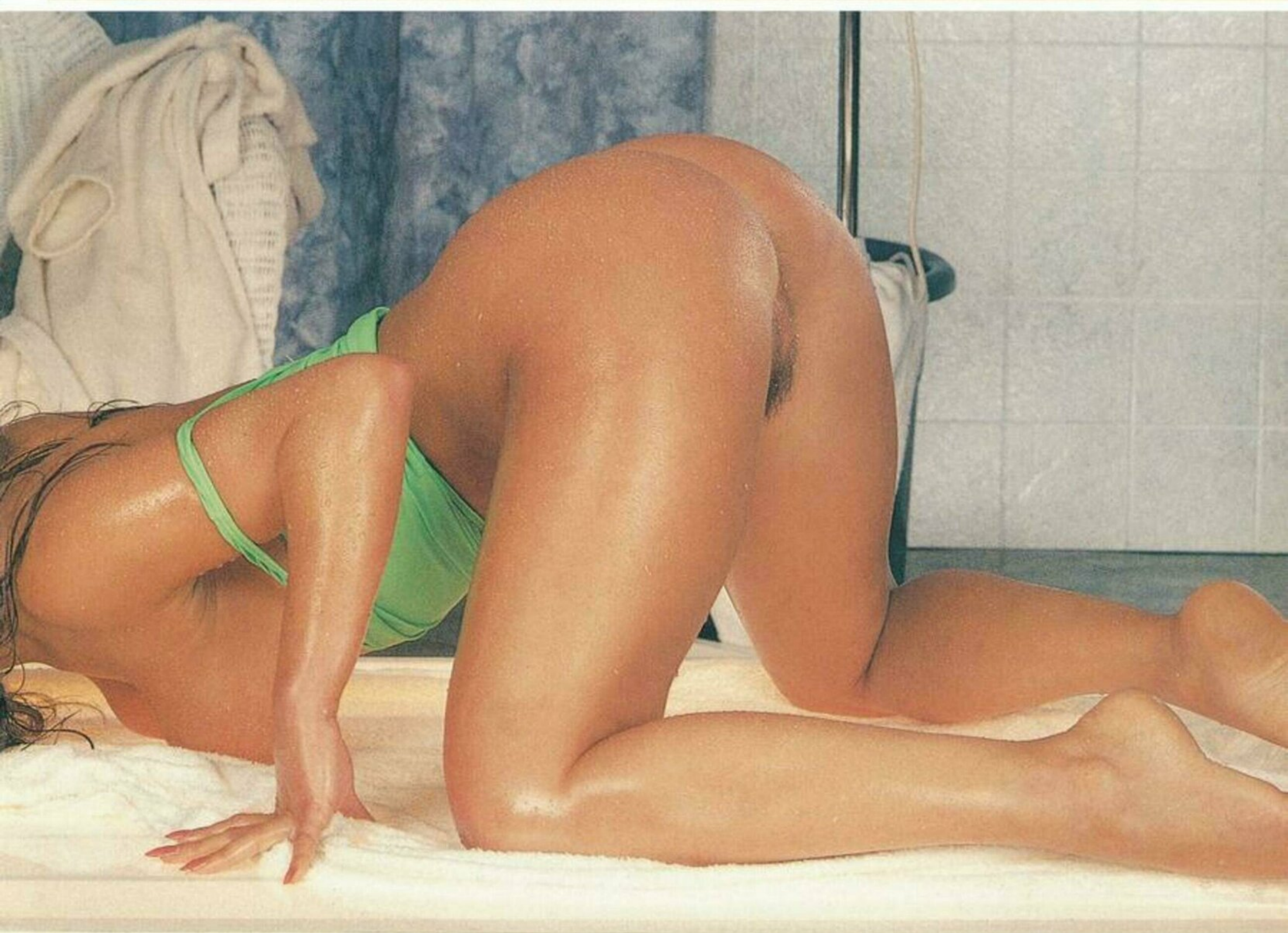


Mayfair welcomes our very own girl gladiator – Orgasm, aka Carrie from Colchester. Orgasm trains every day, working out her fanny muscles on her sparring partners until they can cream a cock with just a single touch. The 23-year-old also has amazing stamina, able to sustain sex from equally well built males for hours at a time! Seriously, Carrie is one hot sex machine. “Are you fit enough to take me on?” 











Adele

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JACK HARRISON

Personal Details

AGE: 23
VITAL STATISTICS:
35DD-24-34
SECOND PROFESSION:
Actress/model
HOME TOWN:
California

Adele, is it okay if we ask no questions and just sit here and stare at you for a while?
I guess so. You're one of those quiet types, are you? The sort that just looks but never gets around to actually saying anything.

We thought women liked the shy and retiring sort. Makes them seem mysterious, doesn't it?
Or plain scared. No, I like confident men, someone who can handle themselves and deal with whatever life throws their way. Besides, confident guys are usually wild when it comes to sex!

Any examples?
In my experience men who are really gregarious go all out for it in the sack. I once slept with this salesman who was as good at fucking as he was talking. And boy could he talk!

A salesman, eh? Did you have a good look at his products?
A good look and a damn good feel! Yeah, I gave everything a thorough testing out that day.

What was he selling anyway?
Well that's the irony. He was trying to flog 'Better Sex' videos!













How about we try and sell ourselves to you?
Have you got anything to advertise in the first place?

We know everything there is to know about sex.
Ah, but that's all theory, isn't it? Practice is what counts.

You sound like a science teacher. Any good at teaching?
The best! But strictly private lessons, I'm afraid.

Can we book some?
No. There's a catch with my classes. You see, I have to fancy my students. And you lot... well put it this way, I've seen more attractive looking alligators! 🐊







Veronica, you get more gorgeous every issue...
Thank you. Maybe it's because I'm getting more tanned every month? I seem to spend days sitting about in all these exotic locations...

No, it's not that...
Then what is it? You look like you've just lost a fiver and found a penny!

Oh, go on. Rub it in!
Aah, are you jealous, boys? Smokey old London getting you down a bit, is it?







Well we only get to see you when you fly back from abroad these days. So? I always bring back the duty-frees like you ask, don't I? So what's wrong?

You always have your clothes on when we meet these days... Oh, I get it. You used to cop a free eyeful when I was shooting sets in

London, and now you only see my body in the photos.

Yeah. It's not fair! You poor boys, here - have a quick flash: [Vron lifts her top]!







Woo-hoo! Alright! Nice one, Vron, you're a star! Go on then, give 'em a gentle squeeze. I can see you're dying to.

[Five minutes later – Veronica is buttoning up her blouse]
Hey! Where are you going? Is the interview over? What's going on?

Er, see you later, Vron. Just got to, erm, use the 'boys room'. Thanks! 

*Personal
Details*

AGE: 20

VITAL STATISTICS:

32C-23-33

SECOND PROFESSION:

Fashion Designer

HOME TOWN:

Yeovil



Claire Cass

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE COLE

Claire, is it just us or did you say you were going to quit doing glam work a few months ago? *I know, but the thing is I love doing this! I had this desire to shave myself anyway and I thought it would make a good set. Besides, so many people wrote to me telling me not to quit Mayfair altogether.*

You're just too generous. *They say you should quit when you're ahead but*

I'd rather keep riding the wave of success. Besides, my boss doesn't mind me taking time off every other month to pose for you lot.

Well it's good to have you back! *Did you see the amount of letters people sent in? That really flattered me.*

They were after those hot photos you signed. *Yeah. I did something a bit naughty, actually. I rubbed one of those pictures on my fanny!*







Honest?
[Laughs] Cross
my heart! So one
of those photos
out of the
hundred we
gave away...

Has an added
bonus to it!
*Sorry, but I just
couldn't resist!*

Everyone who
won a photo
is going to be
sniffing to
check!
*I'm always one
to keep a man
guessing. And
wanking!* 31





